

Music, Poetry and Art - 1919.

PAINTINGS BY MONET

AT DURAND-RUEL'S

BROOKLYN N.Y. EAGLE
MAY 11, 1919

Clifford W. Ashley Shows Paintings at the Arlington Galleries.
Franz von Stuck at Reinhardt's, Sculpture at the Milch Gallery.

By HAMILTON EASTER FIELD.

It seems to me that there has never been so much interest in the best painting and sculpture as there is at present. Already the city homes are being closed for the summer, the Victory Loan drive is at its height, most of us are as poor as poverty, yet the art season is still with us and the exhibitions such as that at the Arden Gallery are drawing crowds. Everywhere is a feeling of optimism, a feeling that another winter will see more appreciation on the part of the public, better painting and sculpture from the artists. The collectors are beginning to realize that to be patrons of art they must help the living artist, not merely amass the art of the past. What would you think of a man whose only reading was the literature of the Seventeenth Century? And yet most of our collectors are living in the past and are dead to the aspirations of our own times. They buy the art of men dead, long since dead, or they buy modern pastiches of dead art. When will these dead awaken and appreciate that they have a duty to the living? A Gilbert Stuart has been sold for \$75,000. Why? Surely not because of its art value. Because it is American, because we should try to encourage the development of an American school? Gilbert Stuart in style is English; there is nothing to distinguish his work as the work of an American. There should be a few Gilbert Stuarts in our museums, for he has an historical interest, but \$75,000 is too much. There is something of the Moliere farce about the \$75,000. Wandering about our streets are men of greater talent than Gilbert Stuart. You who are buying works of art should consider it a privilege to ferret them out. Then may you be rightly called patrons of art.

At the Independent exhibition there was a head in plaster which was strongly modeled but somewhat clumsy in execution. It had a distinct interest so that each time I passed through the room where it was I found myself forced to stop and look at it. I have since learned that it was the work of a young negro sculptress, May Howard Jackson. She has recently had an exhibition of her work at the colored branch of the Y. W. C. A. in Harlem, but unfortunately it lasted but two days, and Harlem

seems further from Brooklyn now than it did when my nurse took me over Fulton Ferry and we took the boat for Harlem at the foot of Beekman st. I am sorry that I was unable to see her show.

The most inspiring exhibition which New York has seen for many a long day is that now being held at the Arden Gallery. It is a retrospective show of French art from the time of Ingres to Marcel Duchamps and Jacques Villon. I hope to review it next week and also that of Schamberg at Knoedler's, which opens Monday. It is not generally known that Morton L. Schamberg, one of the most talented of the younger group of painters, died from influenza last fall. A few of his paintings had been shown at the Bourgeois Gallery with the work of other men, and he had had a one-man show at the Ardsley Studios, but his talent was only known to a very small circle of friends and admirers.

Two recent articles bearing on the origin and influence of Negro music, coming from widely different sources and from widely separated viewpoints, may not be without interest and value for both the layman and the student of that subject. In the first article, which appeared as an editorial in the Southwestern Christian advocate, the writer considered the soulful music of the Negro as a vindication to his claim to a place in the human brotherhood. The writer continued:

When someone wants to appear smart and cast a slur on the Negro, he says that the Negro is an imitator; but this is totally disproved in several phrases of Negro life and nowhere is the refutation more complete than in the realm of music. The music of the Negro is not "darky" music. It is music. Some day there will arise a Negro with sufficient caliber of brain and heart to interpret Negro music in symphony, sonata, oratorio and opera that will rival the productions of Beethoven, Hayden, Handel, and Verdi. Technicians so far have failed to recognize those indescribable, unmatched, and so far, unrecorded half tones and minors which are mixed in such wonderful harmony and melody in Negro music like the

which has not even been approached or suggested in all of the other music of the world. In whatever else the Negro is not distinct he is thoroughly distinct in his music, which at present, let us grant, has not reached its highest artistic development but that there is a basis none dare deny. The Negro is to rise and shine in oratory, poetry, art and music to such an extent as will command brotherly recognition even from the most unwilling.

Miss Kitty Cheatham, a noted singer and reciter, is quoted on this subject as saying: "Do you realize that Negro folk music has a unique place in the folk music of the world? I have pleaded for its serious recognition in America and Europe, and I have protested ceaselessly against its counterfeit being called Negro music. Technicians have argued with me on this subject, insisting that only the sensuous emotions of the Negro were stirred by the Biblical episodes which have inspired those moving and beautiful old songs. I say 'No! no!' Their songs came forth inspirationally, and that is why we must reverence and treasure them. Everything that is uttered spontaneously with purity and a childlike faith as its basis of expression has a lasting value."

Miss Cheatham went on to compare the folk lore music of the American Negro and the music of the peasants of Russia, as follows:

"I was in Russia long before this terrible war broke out, and I lived for a time in a camp surrounded by 30,000 peasant soldiers. I can still hear them singing their indescribably wonderful peasant songs. After each meal I would always listen for a certain solemn and moving chant of thanksgiving. Upon their homeward marches from their maneuvers one powerful voice would suddenly burst into song and a mighty chorus of hundreds of voices would quickly join in. The effect was unlike anything I have ever heard.

"Of all the music in the world, and I have been in many countries, I have never heard anything so like the old Negro music as the peasant music of Russia. In the Latin countries we find in much of the folk music the personal touch. Usually, a romantic forms the object. This you find totally eliminated in the old Negro songs, which were always inspired by the impersonal."

According to William Anthony Aery of Hampton Institute "Negro music makes fighters." In the Tuskegee Student he told some weeks ago how an American Negro, who helped to entertain Prince Henry of Prussia in 1902 by singing for him and his party some of the plantation melodies or "spirituals" of the Old South, has been traveling from camp to camp successfully teaching thousands of Negro soldiers to sing death-dealing songs for Germans.

The "Hymn of Freedom" is one of the newest songs which has been meeting with the favor of the Negro troops. It is a male chorus with piano accompaniment by Natalie Curtis Burlin. The music of this song follows closely the original old Negro spiritual, "Oh Ride on, Jesus," which is sung on St. Helena Island, off the coast of South Carolina.

That the singing Negro soldier is a conquering warrior some of the Germans already realize. As thousands of well-trained, loyal Negro troopers go overseas, the Huns will know that singing black men live and die for God and country.

Joshua E. Blanton, a Hampton Institute graduate, who is superintendent of industries at the Penn School on St. Helena Island, is the American Negro who has the distinction of being able to put across to American Negro troops, not only Mrs. Burlin's stirring "Hymn of Freedom," which was first sung at Penn School in July, but also those plaintive and soul-stirring melodies of the people who know life from deepest sorrow to highest joy.

The Negro folk music which was once used to show Prince Henry of Prussia some of America's original contribution to art is now an agency for stirring within black men's hearts those emotions which will carry them joyfully and courageously through the shock of battle. The heart music of American Negroes appeals so strongly to the best in human nature that white men and women, wherever they are given the opportunity of hearing this folk music sung, eagerly seize it for their own use and enjoyment. The "Hymn of Freedom" will undoubtedly be taken up by white community and army song leaders who wish to give civilians and soldiers an opportunity to sing some worthwhile and patriotic music.

This able colored leader who is a half brother of Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, has been of unusual service to white and colored people. Not only has he been able to manage Penn School farm so as to raise more and better crops, but he has helped to train boys for agricultural work and has also shown the black farmers how to make a better living on the land. Through his services as a song leader in the army camps he helped to build up that morale among Negro troops which is so essential to the winning of the world war for democracy.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BLACK BOYS IN KHAKI

O, tell me Sir, the story true
Of those brave blacks who dared to
do,
Of how they answered to the call,
And left their loved ones homes and
all;
How from the forge and from the
field,
These came to die but not to yield,
When victory fled from allied graves,
And countless heroes found their
graves.

O, tell me Sir, for thou dost know
About the zest and of the glow,
Of those brave blacks who scaled
the height,

And forward pushed the thickest
fight;

The blacks who lived in trench and
hole,
Which never held a nobler soul,
Than those brave boys who faced the
foe,
As veteran souls in days of yore.

Pray, tell me, Sir, for thou wert
there,
And saw these brave blacks do their
share,
Amid the gas, the deadly gun,
From morning's dawn till setting
sun.

Was there a coward in the ranks,
Or one brave black who quit the
ranks,
When screaming shells o'erflew their
head,
Or fallen comrades lay there dead,

What of the Argonne charge they
made,
O'er furrowed hills, through treach-
erous shade,

When snipers flitted a fearful toll,
And took from us the bravest soul?
Yet on they go like demons yell;
To face the foe where thousands
fell

With comrades fallen left and right,
Amid the fiercest of the fight.

When from the ranks their com-
rades fell,

"Go on and leave us here," they yell;
"Go forward, boys, keep up the fray,
The battle must be won today."
Though helpless they and wounded
lie,

'Tis not from fear that they will die,
But that the battle may go wrong—
They cheer their comrades with
their song.

They left their comrades over there,
Beneath the smiling popples fair;
Their battle fought, their race is
run,

Their dream beneath the Flanders
sun,
Of loved ones who will mourn their
lost,

But from their death learn free-
dom's cost.

What shall these have, who found
their grave,
And died as heroes true and brave?

Advocates Preserving Of Negro Dialect

The East-Lantern News
North Carolina White Publication Carries In-
structive Article.--Says Dialect Passing
With Older Race Members

By Associated Negro Press
Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 3.—There is a Southern editor who endeavors to give serious concern to the part played by the Negro in life of this section. The following expression from the Greensboro News, concerning the dialect of the Negro, is of unquestioned interest and particularly that part which says, "And back of it all is the shadow of tragedy that he has brought with him, which sooner or later some artist, whether painter, musician, dramatist, poet, or novelist will use for a creation of genius that will sweep the world." Read it all.

"We sincerely hope," remarks the Raleigh Biblical Recorder, "that the Negro dialect will not perish from the earth. There is a peculiar charm about it that appeals to every southerner, especially to those who knew the old-time plantation Negro."

True. But the old-time plantation Negro has disappeared. How should his speech be preserved? The grandson of Uncle Remus talks as different a language—not the English of the universities, to be sure, but not less far from that than from the speech that Harris set down. By its very nature, any dialect must change with the changing fortunes of the people who speak it; and no other race has ever been subjected within 50 years to as sudden and tremendous a change in status as the American Negro. His speech must necessarily undergo profound modifications, and what was true dialect 20 years ago sounds strangely in the ears of those who know the Negro of today.

"Jeel Chandler Harris and John Charles McNeill," continues the Recorder, "were authorities on Negro dialect." True again. But the dialect of McNeill is radically different from that of Harris. The dialect written by Harris Dickson differs from both; and that of Octavus Ray is yet another species. Yet we

hold to the belief that Dickson and Cohen are as true to life as Harris or McNeill. The fact is that Uncle Remus spoke a different language from that used by Blue-Gum Anderson of the Scotland county church militant, or by Ole Reliable, of the Mississippi levees, or by Florian Slap-py, the leader of high society of Birmingham. The grievous creation of would-be dialect writers of northern birth, we lay aside, along with the oojum and the snark and other extinct animals that never existed. But dialect writers may be as diversified as the autumn leaves, and wet paint, each, the thing as he sees it, and paint it truly; for the Negro himself is coming to be almost infinite in his variety.

America is only just getting to be artistically independent enough to appreciate the Negro. Our humorists—always pioneer spirits—were the first to discover the richness of the field. Harris and McNeill did much to establish the Negro in literature; Dickson and Cohen are further strengthening their work. Presently, the comedians will follow, and somebody will do magnificently what Thomas Diron did crudely. Foster found the first distinctively American music in Negro folk songs, and to this day the only music that could not by any possibility have been written anywhere else than in America is that in which the Negro's influence is predominant. Irving Berlin is more typically American than McDowell. Even as extreme a development of the white man's civilization as that astonishing school of writers who call themselves the "new" poets has not been altogether free from his influence. One of Vachel Lindsey's finest efforts is his suite of poems on the Negro.

To give the devil his due, American art owes to the black man its best prospect of developing individuality, of developing greatness. He has given

our music a strange, new theory that it doesn't know what to make of it, but that is certainly unlike any other music on earth. He has given our literature a picturesqueness that it could never have borrowed successfully. He has given our stage a comic foil so excellent that it has been well-nigh ruined by abuse. And back of it all is the shadow of tragedy that he has brought with him, which sooner or later some artist, whether painter, musician, dramatist, poet or novelist, will use for a creation of genius that will sweep the world.

That of course, all lies in the future; but already we are deeply in his debt, for already he has given us the blessed gift of laughter.

A COLORED SCULPTRESS

IS GIVEN A RECEPTION
BKEYN N. A. D. UNION
APRIL 20, 1919

An occasion of unusual interest was the reception given by Mrs. William F. Trotman at the Academy of Music in honor of the sculptress, Mrs. May Howard Jackson, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Jackson is a graduate of the Fine Art Schools of Philadelphia, and for the past twenty-two years has been pursuing her course in art under the most renowned artists of the country. In addition to the eight high class models she exhibited at the Academy, which included a bronze bust of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Dr. F. H. Grimké and others of note, Mrs. Jackson displayed a handsome bust of a mulatto mother with her infant babe in her arms, the natural and lifelike expression of which was the admiration of all who saw it. While the features of the mother, amalgamated type, were perfect, the mixture of African blood in her offspring was readily detected. Mrs. Jackson is endeavoring through her work of art to refute the oft-repeated statement that persons of mixed blood are inferior to those through whose veins flow the unmixed blood. Other pieces for admiration were the heads of several children, which for symmetry and development were pronounced as excellent by the Corcoran Art Gallery, of Washington, D. C., where they have been on exhibition. Mrs. Jackson is exhibiting two of her masterpieces of art in New York City, that of Dean Kelley Miller, of Howard University, Washington, D. C., at the Independent Artists' Society, and that of ex-Attorney-General William H. Lewis, of Boston, at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Jackson gave a most helpful and instructive talk, setting forth her objects as to her ideals in art, which completely captivated her hearers. At the conclusion thereof Russian tea was served by a bevy of cultured young matrons.

Florence Cole Talbert Sings
Herself into The Hearts Of
Big Crowd At Bethel

Dr. O. D. Jones And Mrs. Roberta Credit Ole Give Fine

Support
Facing one of the largest audiences of the season Mrs. Florence Cole Talbert, Lyric Sorano, of Detroit, Mich., sang herself into the hearts of her hearers last night at Bethel A. M. E. Church by the merit of her art and her discriminating judgment shown in her varied program. From the singing of the first note of Bishop's "Lo! the Gentle Lark", the audience was made aware of the presence of an artist of the first magnitude, for this tuneless number gave full opportunity for a fine display of the lyric qualities of a voice abounding in richness and showing an extent of fine technical training seldom met with in colored singers. Her second and third numbers, "Caro Mis Ben by Giordan" and "By the Waters of Minnetonka," by Liemance received the same exquisite treatment by the artist as the first.

To start with, Mrs. Talbert has a personality that is delightfully charming, exhibiting culture and grace in every act and sings with an ease that makes her work seem as free as a child at play. But as splendidly as were sung the numbers already mentioned, it was when the Negro Spirituals, as arranged by Burleigh, were reached that the vast audience hung breathless on every syllable and then broke forth into tumultuous applause at the conclusion of each. These immortal plantation ditties growing out of the soul of an oppressed people ever make an appeal to all that is noblest and best in the race, but last night they received an interpretation and an execution that made them appear the masterpieces they really are.

Mrs. Talbert was the winner of the diamond medal at the Chicago Musical College, class of 1916, being accompanied in the winning selection the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Why she was awarded this much coveted prize becomes quite plain when one hears her sing in Italian the Aria "At fors e liu," from Verdi's La Traviata. This very difficult selection was sung with as much ease, charm and grace as was characterized by her singing of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Mrs. Talbert was accompanied most admirably by Miss Beatrice Lewis of Howard University, Washington, a pianiste worthy in every respect of the great singer she was assisting.

Brs. Talbert was assisted by Dr. O. D. Jones, barytone, and Mrs. Roberta Credit-Ole. Herein lay the unfortunate arrangement that prevented the concert from being a perfect success. Not that either of these singers did not do well, but that program does not call for all vocalists in an affair of this kind, and especially vocalists of the same voice as the star. The contrasts are too great. It was so last night, and placed these well-known local singers under a handicap. But all in all it was a great concert and one thoroughly enjoyed by the fine crowd present, among which were some of the city's most prominent men and women.



THE LATE JAMES REESE EUROPE

Music, Poetry and Art—1919.

Last of the Banjo Kings

Edward C. Dobson

Learned Peculiar
Technic from Weston, a Former

Slave—Other Noted Perform-
ers Before and After
the War

The recent death of Edward C. Dobson broke the last link in a chain of famous American banjo players which had stretched across about eighty years. Although Dobson was only sixty-one, his fame as a banjoist dated back to the '70s, when proficiency with the "African Harp" was still much in demand by the theater-going public. More than that, he made greater advances in the art of playing the banjo than any other white man.

The banjo is by birth and affection the tuneful child of the Negro, asserts the New York "Sun." Its very name is either the African's corruption of various European derivations from the Greek "pandoura" or a variant of "bania," which may itself have been of African origin. It is, as Thomas Jefferson said, an instrument "proper to the blacks, which they brought hither from Africa and which is the original of the guitar."

The white man met the banjo and became its devoted admirer. Probably Joe Sweeney, the first American minstrel famous as a banjo player, learned his art from a slave. Dan Emmett, who wrote "Dixie," was a good one with the banjo, but not so great as Earl Pierce, who thrummed the strings with the Christie troupe at 472 Broadway and later, in 1857, went to England with Wambold to tickle the ears of the Londoners, who had enjoyed banjo music since the invasion by the Ethiopian Serenaders in 1846. Emmett was a good player, however, as any old-timer who remembers him at the Chatan Theater will testify.

Other noted performers of that period, a dozen years before the civil war, were Frank Stanton, who played in Charley White's Melodian; Dave Lull, the hump-backed man who had won his fame in the Eagle Street Theater in Buffalo in 1842, and who was with Billy Birch in the Virginia Serenaders; Bill Ray who was lost with the steamer "Evening Star," when it foundered on its way from New York to New Orleans in 1866; Bill Donaldson, the great left-handed player; Jim Mambold, Fred Dixie and "Pupsey" Keenan, who called for his banjo in the last

hour of his life and died hugging it.

Negro's Playing Better than White Man's

Later came a host of good players, of whom Sam Devere is best remembered. Sam was one of the Civil War developments, and so good was he that General Grant took him out of the ranks to use him for detail by day and entertainment by night when the Union commander was at City Point, Virginia, in 1864. Sam banged the banjo and Grant banged Petersburg. After the war the country was full of minstrel companies with capable banjoist. Not one of these burnt cork performers, however, was in the same class with the Negro, Horace Weston. This was a former slave, a fat man who would play the banjo eight hours a day for his employer and then go away and play it eight hours more for his own diversion.

Dobson, who was a lad of twelve years when he first entered minstrelsy with Birch, Wambold and Backus, saw the immeasurable superiority of Weston over the burnt cork men. It was not only that Weston was playing the instrument of his race, and that he inherited the genius of the African for music; he handled the banjo differently from the white men. He stroked the strings, instead of picking them, and used the thimble. Dobson and his brother studied the methods of Horace Weston, and thus it happened through his own love of the banjo and the advantage of knowing the Negro expert that Edward Dobson came to be and to remain until his death the greatest player and teacher in his time. His success was not limited to this side of the water, for in the '80s he went to England, where the methods of the early American minstrels had prevailed since the English first saw a banjo in 1846, and showed the advance in technic which the art owed to Weston's heredity and his own talent.—Chicago Musical Leader.

The Survey Feb 8.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

By Sarah Collins Fernandis

STRONG, that no human soul may pass
Its warm, encircling unity,
Wide, to enclose all creed, all class,
This shall we name, Community;

Service shall be that all and each,
Aroused to know the common good,
Shall strive, and in the striving reach
A broader human brotherhood.

THE "COMEBACK" OF NEGRO MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The appearance of Negro musicians in three of the principal New York theatres on one evening, and giving the whole performance is an event of importance. Of more importance than many people would accord to it. 3-22-19

It not only means that Negro music played by Negro musicians is again becoming the vogue, but that the Negro has another opportunity of establishing his title as the originator of the most popular form of music that America has yet produced.

For the past decade or so, nearly all of the syncopated music that has been written has been written by white men; most of it by Jews, who seem to have a special genius for Ragtime. This epoch began with Irving Berlin and his song called "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Before that, most of the syncopated music was written by colored composers.

Berlin is a Jew and has written a score or more of Ragtime successes; and following him there arose a school of Jewish composers of ragtime that put the colored man out of the field. There were quite a number of reasons why they were able to do this. But they not only put the colored writers out of the field, they were fast taking from him the credit of having originated Ragtime. This they accomplished in part by the new departure of writing purely "white" words to Ragtime music; the colored composers had always written the text of their songs in Negro dialect.

And so a great many people who sing or hear modern Ragtime songs do so without any idea that the Negro ever had anything to do with the product. Not so many weeks ago the writer had a serious discussion with an intelligent Jew who made the claim that Ragtime was invented by the Jews.

Ragtime is not the highest form of art, but it is the most universally known and most popular artistic thing that America has ever produced. In fact, it is the only thing in the line of art by which the United States is known the world over. The credit for its origination belongs to the Negro. Negroes were writing Ragtime before Irving Berlin and his followers were born. We are glad to see colored musicians back on Broadway to re-establish their title.

Thousands Attend Concert

The Constitution
For Three Negro Charities

Music-loving Atlanta turned out in full force last night to hear melodies of the olden days, when trained singers from the six leading negro educational institutions of Atlanta gave their annual benefit concert at the Auditorium for the benefit of three negro charities. Approximately 4,000 persons were present, and it is safe to say that not in some time has a similar event been more enjoyed. A substantial sum toward the maintenance of the institutions was realized. The chorus of 300 negro voices, with the added attraction of thirty-five orchestra pieces, delighted the audience throughout the entertainment. The program consisted of sacred and romantic numbers, and every feature was favorably received. "Hawatha's Wedding Feast," as sung in a solo by Kemper Harreld, who directed the program, probably was the most pleasing feature of the concert. He was repeatedly en-
cored. This came at the close of the song by the entire chorus, and the singer was repeated encored. Harreld conducted the large negro chorus at the Billy Sunday revival. John Wesley Work, of the Fisk university quartet, was the soloist of the concert, and performed his part of the program in pleasing manner. The concert opened with the singing of "America" by the entire audience. This was followed by the singing, by the chorus, of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and other melodies of the past. All were received with much applause. The Auditorium was decorated in the national colors and the flags of America's allies. The close of the entertainment came with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," when tiny flags of red, white and blue were waved by the singers in cadence to the music. The institutions represented in

the chorus were Morris Brown university, Gammon Theological seminary, Spelman seminary, Atlanta university, Morehouse college and Clark university. The three institutions to be benefited by the concert were the Leonard Street Orphan's home, the Gate City free kindergarten and the Carrie Steel orphanage.

COLUMBUS JOURNAL
JANUARY 12, 1919
NEGRO ORCHESTRA.

The New York Syncopated Orchestra, which was scheduled to appear at Memorial Hall the evening of Feb. 3, has changed its date to Feb. 10. There are 60 members of this negro orchestra, which plays nothing but negro melodies. Miss Abbie Mitchell is the soloist.

BROOKLYN EAGLE
MARCH 30, 1919
RETURN OF THE COLORS.

(Two colored regiments that distinguished themselves in the field of honor have just returned to this country.)

See dem bay'nets flash and flicker!
 Boy! Dat jazz hits me like lickin!
 Hear'em whale dem kettle-drums—
 Whee! Dat cullud reg'ment comes
 Clash! Thud! Bang! Zing!
 Babe, ma heart does surely sing!

Honey Boy! Dere's Henery Johnson—
 Watch yo' step, girls, he's a bear!
 Dat's de kid killed fo'teen Bushes:
 Zingo, zingo, dat jazz air!
 Honey, honey, dis jazz stuff'll
 Shorely make ma feet go shuffle—
 Clash! Thud! Bang! Zing!
 Watch me pull dis buck-an'-wing
 Wickedest babes I evah saw:
 Slashed dem Bushes an' ate 'em raw!
 Dey ate dem Bushes for a picnic lunch
 An' foun' no white meat in de bunch.

Hallelujah! See dem knives!
 Carve me a bit o' Kaiser's gizzard—
 Say, I'm sorry for dem Bushes' wives—
 Dere's Jim Europe, he's de wizard:
 See Jim Europe lead dat band!
 Oh, de wail of dem trombones!
 Kid, I'd eat right outa his hand—
 Click, clack, rattle de bones!
 Hear de squeal o' dat crazy flute,
 Watch dat Gov'nah man salute!
 Ain't dat roaring jazz a daisy?
 Ev'ry cullud heart is crazy!

Watch dat big buddy ovah dere,
 Dat's a boy wid a Craw de Gare—
 Zing! Zing! dem flags do flutter—
 Babe, dis tastes as sweet as butter—
 Hear dem drummers boom an' thun-
 der:
 Boys dat plowed de Bushes under!
 Clash! Thud! Bang! Zing!
 Watch 'em swing, girls, watch 'em
 swing!

See dat cunnel wid a proud, proud
 walk!
 Dem boys makes him look white as
 chalk!
 Dem big officers is mostly white,
 But black's de color fo' love an' fight!
 Babe, I'd like to hug dat dandy—
 Must hug some one—dat you, Mandy?
 Yo' black face come kinda handy!
 See dem bay'nets flash an' flicker,
 See dem ribbons on de flag!
 Never was no dough-boys slicker—
 Put old Kaiser in de bag!

Thud! Bang! Boom! Clash!
 See dem chicken-carvers flash!
 Hear dat jazz, as strong as whisky—
 Lord, my heart is debil-frisky:
 Watch dem he-boys marahin' back—
 Praise de Lord dat made 'em black!
 —Philadelphia Evening Leader

NEW YORK SYNCOPATED
ORCHESTRA SCORES
The Daily Herald

Will Marion Cook's Aggre-
gation Of Musical Artists

Win Merited Praise
2-8-19

Negro songs, Negro music, with classic numbers interspersed, won their way to the hearts of the audience which greeted Will Marion Cook one of the race's musical geniuses and his splendid aggregation of musical celebrities at the Lyric Friday night. The composers who were not Negroes were Americans, as the slogan of the occasion said, "American Music for Americans."

The performers scored again and again; the audience was enthusiastic and thoroughly enjoyed every number, both song and instrumental. The Negro spirituals were sung only as Negroes could sing them. The Glenwood Quartette was superb and the audience positively refused to be satisfied and they were forced to respond again and again. "Go Down Moses", "Give away Jordan" and "Hallelujah" made them locally famous over night.

Mme. Florence Cole Talbert, who will soon appear here again in a recital at Bethel A. M. E. Church, delighted the audience with her rendition of several selections from the masters.

DEAN BRAWLEY LECTURES
At A. & T. COLLEGE
Inside 7-1-19

Dean Brawley, of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga., delivered a series of five lectures before the teachers of the Agricultural and Technical College summer school last week. Dean Brawley is a graduate of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., and author of a number of books, chief of which is a text book on Negro History which is used in a number of Public Schools of the state. It is published by the McMillan Company which indicates the quality of the work. Dean Brawley's first lecture was on the "Negro Element in American Life", which was treated from a social and economic point of view. He showed the Negro must develop in this country as a Negro and not as a white man, that he has a special function to perform in the civilization of America. His second was the Negro in "Literature and Art". He showed how the Negro has played his part in developing a Negro literature. He spoke on Wednesday on "Special Phases of Negro History", on Thurs-

day on "Africa and the Widening Problem" and his final lecture was on "Our National Literature".

The present session of the Summer school is one of the largest and best in the history of the college, and every room in the college is taken.

A series of lectures will be given by Mr. E. K. Jones, Director of the Urban League on the 7th and 8th of July, and another series of lectures on Education on July 16th, will be given by Dr. Locke of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Dr. Locke is the only Negro Rhodes Scholar, Oxford, England.

NEWARK NEWS
FEBRUARY 19, 1919

Talented Singer and Pianist
In Concert at Wallace Hall

The concert given by Henry T. Burleigh, baritone, of New York, and Miss Helen E. Hagan, pianist, of Nashville, Tenn., in Wallace Hall, last night, for the benefit of a couple of local charities in which the colored women of Newark are interested, gave so much pleasure to the audience that the published program was considerably lengthened by the encores demanded and granted. It served not only to renew admiration of Mr. Burleigh's ability as an interpreter of songs, particularly of negro spirituals, but in Miss Hagan's performances revealed an artistry that surprised and delighted her hearers.

Unknown to most of those present until this occasion, Miss Hagan only had to play her introductory number—Bach's Chromatic Fantasi and Fugue—to convince the more knowing that they were being made acquainted with a finely developed talent. The impression created at the outset was strengthened by her performances of Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, Debussy's "Reflections in the Water" and "Gardens Under Rain," Chopin's "Spinning Song," Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody and Coleridge-Taylor's fiery "Bartolomea," which is imbued with the energetic, even wild spirit of negro dancing on the Place Congo, in old New Orleans, as described by writers fortunate enough to have witnessed it.

Miss Hagan's technique is of a high order. It surmounts bristling difficulties with an ease that imparts brilliancy to her playing when mere virtuosity is demanded. But that asset is linked to a musical instinct, trained intelligence in molding phrases, a quickly responsive feeling to the spirit in the work she interprets and an artistic authority in tonal coloring and rhythmical accent that give vitality and distinction to her performances. Her achievements were not so surprising after it was learned that she is a graduate of the music department of Yale University, and won there the Sanford fellowship prize of \$2,000, which enabled her to go to Paris and continue her studies at the Schola Cantorum, where Vincent d'Indy was one of her instructors. The Schola gave her a diploma two years ago. She is now the director of the department of music in the State Normal School in Nashville. Unquestionably she is the most accomplished pianist of her race in this country.

Mr. Burleigh's interpretation of negro spirituals is an object lesson to all other vocalists who attempt them. He is as masterly and unapproachable in expressing their spirit as John McCormack is in communicating the feeling in an Irish ballad, grave or gay. Last night he was heard in "Go Down

Moses," "I Want to Be Ready," "Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells," and "Standin' in the Need of Prayer," all of which has harmonized with a skill that refines their significance and characteristic quality. He does not interpret them as a vaudeville "artist" would. Neither does he refine the negro tang out of them. He colors his singing of them by a nuancing of tone and an emphasis on rhythm that seem peculiar to the colored people and that impart richness and variety to his expression of the emotional content of the songs. A lyric that cannot be classed with the "spirituals," but has a camp-meeting flavor, is "Didn't It Rain, Noah?" which he sang with rousing gusto.

Of songs less identified with his reputation, his offerings included the Prologue to "I Pagliacci," Aylward's "A Khaki Lad," Speaks's "When the Boys Come Home" and Coleridge-Taylor's "Corn Song."

MUSIC MONITOR
BOSTON MARCH 11, 1919

John Powell's New Sonata
 Special to The Christian Science Monitor from its Eastern News Office

NEW YORK, New York—John Powell's sonata for piano and violin in A flat major was presented for the first time anywhere at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of March 9, with the composer playing the piano and with Efrem Zimbalist playing the violin. It was given as the opening number of a recital given by Mr. Zimbalist. On the program with the sonata was the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor and a number of small pieces, in which the violinist was assisted by Samuel Chotzinoff at the piano.

The new work is performed without pauses between the divisions, although it is clearly planned on a four-movement scheme, according to regular old-school models. The listener can make no mistake as to where the Allegro ends and the Scherzo begins; and so on, through Andante and Finale. The work is generally melodious and ingratiating in its thematic outline, and at the same time it is strong, dignified and impressive in its structure. It has intellectuality, wit, warmth and all the artistic qualities that could be asked for, except, possibly, full grasp of the technical caprices of the violin. Some persons, to say the very worst that could be said, might make the criticism that it is a piano piece merely, with a violin part superimposed. But even they would have to admit that it is a magnificent composition from the piano standpoint. The melodic ideas are fresh, fluent and diversified. The harmonic substance is rich, virile and fit.

Listeners in any quarter of the world, upon hearing the sonata for the first time, would recognize its pages as the writing of an American. They would say at once that the composer knew profoundly and liked ardently the type of tune known as the plantation song; and whatever views they might have about the worth of Negro music in comparison with other kinds of folk music, they would have to admit that Mr. Powell has applied the Negro

style of tune tactfully, even masterfully, in his playful second movement and likewise in his sentimental third. As for what he has done in the opening and closing divisions, everybody would have to grant that he has shown himself to have thorough schooling in classic formalities and to have the ability to endue those formalities with modern elasticity and color.

"BLACK DEVIL"
BAND IS GREAT
NEWARK JOURNAL
MARCH 26, 1919
Famous Army Musicians Delight
Audience at First Regiment Armory.

The 350th Field Artillery Band, A. E. F., is one of the best bands that ever came into Newark, is the opinion of the audience at the First Regiment Armory last night that heard the "Black Devil" Band play.

They are masters at syncopation and jazz. When they were jazzing everyone was jazzing with them. When they were rendering selections from the masters everyone was deeply interested.

The famous leader of the band, Lieutenant J. Tim Brymn, was at his best and brought out all the musical attainments of his band. The freakish ability displayed by its members was remarkable and the opportunity to see and hear this wonderful body of musicians should be taken advantage of by brass music lovers of the city.

The concert last night and that of tonight are for the sole benefit of the members of the band, and the fact that these men were ready to sacrifice their lives for us should be appreciated by music lovers and they should not miss this opportunity of hearing the band and showing their regard for the boys who placed themselves at the disposal of our country when they were needed.

SYRACUSE N.Y. JOURNAL
APRIL 4, 1919
EUROPE'S JAZZ BAND

The famous band of the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth United States Infantry, the "Hell Fighters" under the leadership of Lieut. James Reese Europe, will give two popular concerts at the Empire on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 6, in the course of a concert tour of the United States. Lieut. Europe will present a band of 65 instrumentalists. The band specializes in jazz.

Lt. James Europe, America's Leading Negro Musician, Goes To Final Resting Place

Men And Women Of Wealth And Prominence Turn Out To Honor Dead Musician

Flowers, Ordered By Cable From France, Add To The Multitude Of Floral Tributes—Im- pressive Ceremony

(From the New York Sun.)

Not in his military uniform but in the silk-pleated shirt, striped vest and dress suit of the entertainer, the body of Jim Europe, the jazz king, went on its last journey Tuesday from St. Mark's African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The funeral was one of the most remarkable ever seen in this city. Many white persons of wealth and prominence turning out with thousands of Negroes to honor the colored army lieutenant and bandmaster who was slain in Boston last Friday night by Herbert Wright, one of his drummers.

After "Pal of Mine" had been sung by a quartet from the Clef Club, the organization of Negro Musicians which Europe founded, Maj. Hamilton Fish, John Wannamaker, Jr., Col. William Hayward, Lieut. J. P. Gillespie of the Fifty-ninth French Artillery and other military and civil admirers of the decedent filed past the flag-draped coffin.

About and behind the coffin were banked floral tributes from Mrs. Irene Castle Treman, whose orchestra leader he had been when she danced with

Vernon Castle in pre-war days; from Reisenwebber's restaurant, the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, from Bert Williams, who was prevented from attending in person by his out-of-town theatrical engagements; the B. N. Moss theatrical syndicate, the Clef Club, the Frogs, another society of entertainers, and from various Negro jazz bands of the city.

There was also flowers which had been ordered by cable by officers of the American Expeditionary Force who had known Jim Europe overseas, when he was leader of the band of the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Infantry and layed for President Poincaré, General Pershing and many other notables. Among those to cable orders for flowers in this manner was a French officer attached to Marshal Foch's staff. Colonel Hayward, commander of the regiment to which Europe belonged, also contributed a floral piece, as did Maj. David A. L'Esperance of the French Army.

Floral tributes filled six automobiles, after which followed the jazz king's widow, his brother John, who plays in a large Boston hotel, and other relatives and friends. The crowd that turned out to see the cortege

was enormous and jammed all sidewalks along the line of march.

After the reading of the burial service at St. Mark's Church Capt. William S. Brooks, chaplain of the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment, delivered the funeral oration. "He put the best that was in him into everything he did," Chaplain Brooks said. "No matter what he had to do, he did it with all his might and will." Then, bending over the figure in the coffin, he said, weeping, "Goodbye Jim, goodbye."

JAZZ PUTS PACKS ON WEARY BACKS OF BLACK TROOPS

NEW YORK WORLD
JULY 30, 1919

Music Does Trick When Orders Fail to Speed Debarkation From Kroonland.

It was very, very jazzy in Hoboken this morning. Otherwise the 3,427 lazy, yawning, bored-to-death soldiers who came into port on the transport Kroonland might be engaged even yet in the task of debarkation.

The first bunch at the gang plank consisted of 800 ebony-colored warriors, who seemed to be unanimously reluctant to lift their packs and get a move on. The officers yelled and threatened in vain. It was a case of cold molasses. The packs simply wouldn't go on the backs, and the men gazed listlessly at the shore, until—

"I'll get 'em off," offered Bandmaster Ciccone.

"Go to it," said the despairing officer in command.

And the band jazzed. And something like electricity leaped in the veins of the dusky warriors. And they moved. And they sang. And they danced down the plank with their equipment bobbing.

Next came the tank corps boys, who at first seemed to be lazier than their predecessors. But Mr. Ciccone diagnosed them shrewdly, and the band played "Treat 'Em Rough" about twice as fast as it had ever been played before. And the boys shimmied down the plank in no time.

Ciccone is a wizard. When he saw twelve war brides trip along to the plank he issued an order.

"Here Comes the Bride" should be played twelve times as fast for twelve brides as you play it for one," he told his men. They did their best. And the ship was emptied.

The Kroonland came from St. Nazaire, and her departure was a ceremony because it marked the end of St. Nazaire as an American Army port. Shore batteries and French warships fired parting salutes, and the Kroonland was led out to sea by a combined escort of French and American warships.

Brig. Gen. Samuel D. Rockenbach, formerly of the tank corps, which he organized, has been in charge of the port of St. Nazaire since the armistice, and he came home on the Kroonland, accompanied by his whole staff, consisting of Col. Robert L. Collins, Lieut. Col. De Witt C. T. Grubbs, Major G. D. Crosby, Lieut. R. V. K. Harris and Lieut. John N. Casey.

The Montpelier, also from St. Nazaire, docked here this morning with 2,105 soldiers on board. The Zeelandia, from Brest, is due to-day, but is reported delayed by a broken propeller.

Private Wilber G. Cornish, who was discharged from the 411th Telegraph Battalion in Paris, came in on the Montpelier. He was a stowaway and was found when the ship was five days out from St. Nazaire after his food supply of eight gum drops had given out.

SAVANNAH SINGERS IN NEGRO SONG FESTIVAL

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICAN
JANUARY 25, 1920

Old Spirituals Given by Chorus of 250,
Under Direction of E. Azalia
Hackley

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 14.—More than 250 singers took part in the festival of Negro folk-song, given under the direction of Azalia Hackley at the Municipal Auditorium on Jan. 6. An admirable musician herself, the chorus under Mrs. Hackley's leadership sang with a purity of tone, a precision and control that did not lessen the fervor and abandon which gave color to these spirituals.

There were several special features on the program, such as the chorus of teachers from the public schools, the folk game by little children, "Oh, Miss Julia, Run Around," and songs by boys.

Nothing, however, on the program could equal the beauty of the real old spirituals which made up the greater part of it, such as "I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me," "Sinner, You'd Better Pray," "Let us Cheer the Weary Traveler," "Steal Away to Jesus," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," "Poor Mourner," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," "Walk in Jerusalem" and others. Most beautiful of these was "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which, familiar as it is, was sung for the first time in a festival of this character.

Negro Orchestra Wins High Praise with Its Work

Will Marion Cook's Organization
Gives Concert of Music Written
by Men of Its Own Race.

NEW YORK HERALD
MARCH 10, 1919

Listening last evening to Will Marion Cook's Syncopated Orchestra in the Forty-fourth Street Theatre one could not refrain from the reflection that instead of adding to the already excessive number of indifferent symphony orchestras certain affluent and influential women of New York would be doing better with their means if they encouraged the negro composers and musicians of the country.

Only the musical pedant, or he who affects an artistic superiority which he is far from possessing, will disparage such music as is made and played by members of that race. It often has a real and abiding value, as, for instance, the choral negro spiritual "Listen to the Lambs," by Nathaniel Dett, beautifully given by Mr. Cook and his forces last night. The negro often is a natural musician, who pours out his unpremeditated strains in lavish manner and who has in his soul unplumbed depths of melody, poetry and passion, with an inherent aptitude for harmonic and contrapuntal writing. Dvorak knew and appreciated better than most men the musical capacity and creativeness of the negro and made their musical idioms the foundation of some of his best work in this country. American composers have gone to the same source, if not for inspiration, certainly for suggestion, as witness John Powell's brilliant "Rhapsodie Nègre," while that eminently original composer H. T. Burleigh has turned the negro spirituals of his race to splendid account, notably in his "Deep River," so admirably given last night.

Mr. Cook, conductor of the Syncopated Orchestra, is a pupil of Dvorak, like Mr. Burleigh, and is a brilliant conductor, while his forces are a band of clever and characteristic players and singers. The performance of a valse, "Call of the Woods," was worthy of the old Viennese valse school represented by composers and conductors like Lanner, Labitzky, Gungl and Johann Strauss the elder. The orchestra throughout played excellently and was exactly suited to its special work, although its composition was hardly orthodox. The choral singing and many of the solos were also worthy of high praise. The large audience showed its appreciation in no uncertain manner, the encores being as numerous as they were merited.

AUDIENCE CAN'T KEEP STILL WHEN EUROPE'S BAND PLAYS

NEW YORK HERALD
MARCH 17, 1919

There was much jazzing at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday. James Reese Europe's Band, known in France, where it was part of the 368th United States Infantry, as the "Hell Fighters" band, gave two concerts, one in the afternoon for soldiers and the other for the general public at night.

Meaning trombones, shining cellos and a bombardment of drums and traps set the evening audience to swaying and shuffling its feet. The throng looked some-

thing like a black and white checker board, with its mingling of negroes and Caucasians; but all found the hilarious rhythms of Europe's music exhilarating.

Tunes from the trenches, "Sambre et Meuse," a march, and a ragtime version of "Madelon" brought a touch of army life into the performance. Then there were sad negro spirituals, played on the violin and cello by Felix Weir and H. L. Jeter. The greater part of the programme, however, was as gay and giddy as a dance hall at midnight. A saxophone sextette, a pianologue, a barrage of drum noise, plantation melodies, sung with snap, and a few original songs by Europe kept the ears of the listeners filled with jazz music all evening.

Europe and his band will start on a tour to-morrow, and return for another concert on next Sunday at the Manhattan

YOUNGSTOWN VICTORIAN FEBRUARY 21, 1919 A Negro Orchestra, But Little Negro Music.

The New York Syncopated orchestra, made up of 50 colored musical artists, should be billed as a symphony orchestra. The colored music masters played at the Park theatre last night to an audience that comfortably filled the house. But practically everyone was disappointed, for practically everyone attended to get his and her fill of jazz music. While the artists were present who could jazz, they did little jazzing. Billed as the jazziest of jazz orchestras it proved anything but that. The music touched the spot of appreciation with the audience for applause was frequent. The calls for more came invariably when the scattered jazz and syncopated numbers were introduced. Had such numbers been the rule instead of the exception an audience would have quit the theatre talking warm praise for the colored musicians. Typical colored folk songs scored the distinct hits. Buddy Gilmore with the traps and drum injected some real ginger and pep into the show. He makes 'em both talk. The quartet numbers were decidedly pleasing. The instrumental and vocal solos also found a responsive chord in those who sat and listened and applauded.

There is a little bit of the amateur drag to the show that will have to be weeded out to give it the snap American show goes like. This pep can best be put there by cutting out the symphony and substituting what is advertised, jazz and syncopation.

NEW HAVEN CONN REGISTER FEBRUARY 20, 1919 THE WAR TO MUSIC.

There has been plenty of war poetry, verse, both bound and free, describing every phase from the enlistment to the armistice, some of it good, some of it not, some of it lyrical, some of it merely descriptive. But the war "jazzed" is something new. Not to know the "jazz" these days argues one's self unknown, so further description is unnecessary. Quite naturally, the new variety of description was brought back to New York by Col. Hayward

colored division which paraded in New York on Tuesday. Some of the many songs have reached the public prints, and one sample will suffice. To get the proper atmosphere for the following, entitled "Out In No Man's Land," one must adopt the rhythm of the "jazz," must imagine a "jazz" orchestra crooning, in so far as it is possible for an assemblage of cowbells, triangle, drums, castanets, and cast steel piano to "croon," and a colored trooper with a tin hat, a medal on his chest, and "one of those smiles you can read by," as one reporter put it, singing:

"Hear that roar, there's one more! Stand fast! There's a Verrey light. Don't gas, or they'll find you all right. Don't start abombin' with those hand grenades.

There's a machine gun aholdin' spades. Alert! Gas! Put on your mask. Don't start to wonder how long it will last.

Drop! There's a rocket for the Boche barrage. Down close to the ground as you can stand.

Creep and crawl, follow me, that's all. What do you hear? Nothin' near. Oh, dear, don't fear— That's the life of a stroll when you are out on patrol.

(Soft harmony) Out In No Man's Land."

Take another, written by a radio man, describing his feelings under bombardment:

"Whiz! Bang! There's another one. Whiz! Bang! There's a brother one. Looka here, people, what would you do,

Out in No Man's Land, and no place to go?

Whiz! Bang! There's another one. Whiz! Bang! There's a big brother one. Looka here, shoes, you gotta carry me through.

I got the shell shock shimmy blues, Ra-di-o, ra-di-o, ra-di-o. I got the shell shock snimmy blues. Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat-tat-tat. I got the shell shock shimmy blues."

Pretty good descriptive stuff, as trench poems go, even without the "jazz." But here are two examples, at least, of "the war to music."

MARCH 10, 1919 Colored Orchestra Gives Concert of Negro Music

A concert was given at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre last night by the New York Syncopated Orchestra. The organization is ill named, but the entertainment which it offered proved to be worthy of serious consideration both from an artistic and a scientific point of view.

The band numbers twenty or thirty players, all negroes, some of whom can also sing, and associated with them is a choir of men singers and a solo quartet of unusual excellence. Will Marion Cook is the conductor, but last night, when compositions were received with such demonstrations of approval as to call for repetitions, Mr. Cook put his baton in the hands of the composers, and thus the audience was permitted to see Mr. Tyers, and in him a man who seems to be able to write quite as pleasing a Viennese waltz as any that has come out of the Austrian capital in years.

In the programme were "spirituals" like "I Got a Robe" and "Deep River," which, though oversophisticated in their settings, stirred the hearers to hearty enthusiasm. There was also a composition for solo soprano, men's chorus and instruments, "Listen to the Lambs," by Nathaniel Dett, a well grounded musician, who proved his capacity to write artistic music of unique charm and strongly tinged with racial feeling. The solo was sung by Mrs. H. King Reavis, the possessor of a fine, vibrant voice and obviously good training. The concert made a deep impression on the hearers, who seemed to appreciate the real beauty of the music, and was given in a serious spirit, though the singer of the solo in "I Got a Robe" unfortunately treated it as if it were humorous.

The organization has a mission which entitles it to respect. It is to be hoped that its managers will not permit any of its members to resort to clamoring. None who can remember the pathos and power of the negro spirituals as they are sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers will be induced to pardon any effort to degrade them. Forty years ago they made cultured audiences in Europe bow their heads in reverence and admiration. H. E. K.

FAMOUS SINGER AT AUDITORIUM TUESDAY NIGHT

HOUSTON TEX CHRONICLE
MARCH 9, 1919

Colored Musicals Will Feature Folk Songs and Jubilees; Coloratura Soprano and "Bronze McCormick."

The City Auditorium will be the scene Tuesday night, March 11, of what promises to be the greatest musical program ever given in this city by the colored contingent, when Madam Anita Patti Brown, the race's foremost coloratura soprano, will appear, assisted by local and imported talent. Madam Brown's repertoire consists of folk songs, lullabies and jubilees and she has been favorably received throughout all the Americas. Her interpretation of those songs of the Southland stamps her as one of the great artists of her time.

As added attraction, James L. Robinson of Orange will sing two solos, "Tis Not True," and "I Hear You Calling Me," the latter by special request. This singer, a graduate of Wiley University, Marshall, possesses a most wonderful voice, and wherever he has appeared has been called the "bronze McCormick."

Local talent will not be overlooked, as the choral club of the Houston branch of the National Association for the advancement of colored people will render four numbers and Miss Freddie Lee Lights will give two instrumental selections. Dett's "Listen to the Lambs," Bur-

leigh's "Deep River" and Diton's "Every Time I Feel the Spirit" are some of the numbers on the program. These are colored composers whose works are now being universally used.

Personnel of the N. A. A. C. P. Choral Club: Sopranos—Mesdames S. Bowman, M. W. D. Sledge, Miss Bertha Sessums; contraltos, Sledge, D. T. Birdwell; basses, James Mitchell, C. F. Richardson; pianist, Mrs. P. O. Smith.

The management makes the following announcement:

The program will begin at 8:30 p.m. promptly and no one will be admitted during the rendition of a number. The promoters are anxious that the white citizens attend in large numbers and have reserved accommodations in the dress circle for them. It is expected that a large number of cadets from Ellington Field will also be present, a special invitation having been extended them. Tickets now selling. Box seats for sale at Houston Observer office, 419 1-2 Milam Street.

Race Artists To Hold Meet

By Associated Negro Press
Washington, D. C., June 16.—An Initial Conference of Negro Musicians and Artists was held in Washington, D. C., May 1, 2, 3, 1919, with the view to a meeting in Chicago, July 29, 30, 31, 1919.

Object: To foster Negro talent; to labor for economic and educational betterment; to promote fellowship and stimulate radical expression.

The organization desires the attendance of musicians and suggests that organizations be formed of your local group with the view to sending a representative.

Those interested are requested to reply as to their attitude and the possibility of attending the Chicago meeting in July. This information is to be sent to the Secretary of the Chicago Local, Mrs. Maudelle Bousfield, 4230 Champlain Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Some of the persons associated with the Initial Conference are: Henry L. Grant, Pres.; Alice C. Simmons, Sec.; Nore Douglas-Holt, Vice-Pres.; Deacon Johnson, Treas.; Advisory Board, R. Nathaniel Dett, Harry Burleigh, J. Rosemond Johnson, Roy W. Tibbs, Melville Charlton, Maude Cuney-Hare, Carl Diton, Clarence Cameron White, Nora Douglass Holt, Walter H. Loving.

With the MISTIC
N.Y.C. MAIL
FEBRUARY 17, 1919
I WANT to be ready to walk in Jerusalem, just like John," announced

itself in John Powell's "Rhapsody" for piano and orchestra. The Philharmonic played on its all-American programme yesterday afternoon. Somehow this was the only real American music of the five examples of home products.

It was Mr. Powell's idea to suggest the genuine primitive, the breath of the tropical jungle in his tone-picture of the negro, and he not only succeeded in this, achieving a startling effect of something savage, ominous with irresistible fascination, but he has created virile music that will live for itself alone, quite apart from its programme. The composer played the piano part.

"In Bohemia," by Henry Hadley, which does not refer to the nation, but to "good fellowship among men of similar tastes and preferences," was inspired by San Francisco rather than the tawdry weaknesses of our own village. It is unpretentious and charming.

That sense of humor upon which Americans pride themselves, almost too seriously, was displayed in Chadwick's "Tam o'Shanter." It needed only scattered memories of Burns's merry verses to make the adventures of the befuddled Tam leap boldly from the realistic orchestration.

MacDowell's beautiful Indian Suite and Rubin Goldmark's "Requiem" (suggested by Lincoln's Gettysburg address) were the other numbers.

LOUISVILLE KY TIMES FEBRUARY 15, 1919

When Roland Hayes, the young negro tenor, gave a concert here last year he was heard by several hundred white people, many of them being professional musicians of the highest standing, who were greatly pleased by the unusually beautiful quality of his voice as well as his artistic and musicianly style of singing. The announcement that he is to sing here again will arouse much interest among those who heard him previously as well as those who have yet to enjoy that pleasure. When Hayes sings in Boston or New York it is usually to "capacity" houses. His concert here is to be given at Quinn Chapel, Ninth and Chestnut streets, and is for the benefit of the Church of Our Merciful Savior, the date being Thursday night, February 20, at 8:30 o'clock. A section of the auditorium will be reserved for white patrons and seats may be reserved at the Baldwin piano store. Programme:

"By the Pool".....H. T. Burleigh
"Were I a Star".....H. T. Burleigh
"Cielo e Mar" from "Gioconda".....Ponchielli

"Le Reve" (from "Manon").....Massenet
Roland W. Hayes.

Piano Solo—
"Deep River" arranged for Piano by.....Coleridge Taylor
Lawrence B. Brown.

"If You Knew".....John Adams Loud
"Life and Death".....Coleridge Taylor
"Song Is So Old".....Charles Repper
Negro "Spirituals" arranged by.....H. T. Burleigh

"I Stood On the Ribber of Jordan"
"Peter, Go Ring dem Bells"
"Oh! Didn't It Rain?"
Roland W. Hayes.

Piano Solos—
"Bamboula".....Coleridge Taylor
"Take Nabandji".....Coleridge Taylor
Lawrence B. Brown.

"Kiss Me Goodnight"
John H. Densmore
Roland W. Hayes.

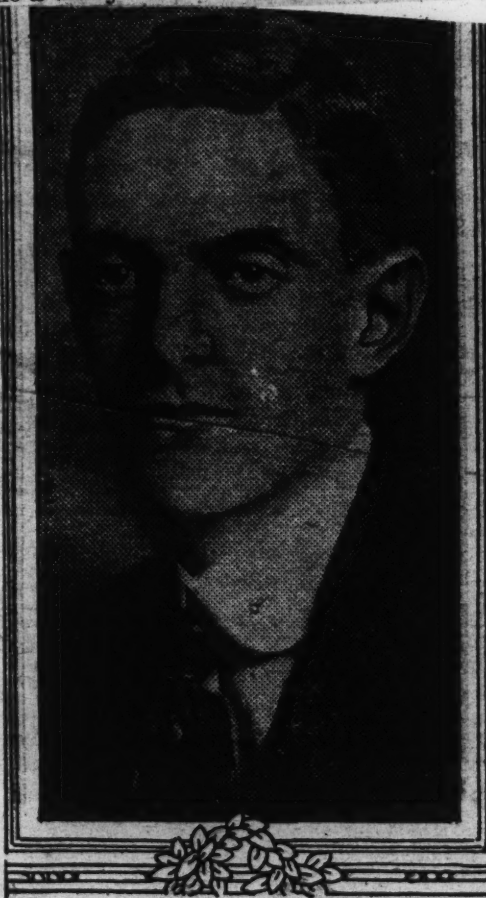
From a Champion of Cohen

NEW YORK CITY SUN
NOVEMBER 2, 1919

TO THE EDITOR OF BOOKS AND THE
BOOK WORLD—Sir: In your issue

of Sept. 28, 1919, you publish a review of Octavius Roy Cohen's *Polished Ebony*. The reviewer says, in part, "As a matter of fact, although some of the stories are amusing as stories the humor, if it is humor, is largely in the language and malapropisms, instead of in the negro psychology and character, as in the case of the E. K. Means negro stories, for example: When you compare the stories of Octavius Roy Cohen with the stories of E. K. Means, to the detriment of the former, I must arise and pound my typewriter. These stories of Cohen's are natural, the setting is typical and accurate, the mannerisms and manner of speaking are true to life, the psychology is characteristic of the race. Cohen is writing about the present day negro, and anyone who is living in the South to-day will testify to his truthfulness and keen observation. The dressy ducky, wearing sixty dollar suits and weird vests, making "smart aleck" remarks, using huge misunderstood words, is instantly recognizable. Cohen's atmosphere is not imaginary. The pool rooms, soda fountains, and restaurants exist. Their names were not originated by Cohen, but were taken from actual stores, moving picture houses, &c. Cohen lives in Birmingham, Ala., and is transferring to paper the negro life as it is around him, and is performing this feat without affectation, without pretence, without pose. There are many people who cannot read E. K. Means. Let me hasten to add that I am not one of them. I can read him, but it is an effort. His popularity is not astonishing when one thinks of the enormous sales of the books of Harold Bell Wright. For E. K. Means does not write about the negro. True, his characters are supposed to have black skins, but this is not shown by their actions in speech. The nearest approach to the strange language used by an E. K. Means character was the occasion when I heard a New Yorker tell a "darky story." Since this "New Yorker" lived in Brooklyn and boasted that he had never been further south than the Battery during his life time, you can form some faint idea of his "darky dialect." Furthermore, the E. K. Means characters do not act like negroes. Their behavior is more the actions of excessively stupid, ignorant white men. And the excessively

stupid ignorant white man does not act like a darky! For he is white!



Octavius Roy Cohen, author of
"Polished Ebony."

No one who has ever spent a half hour in the negro settlements of New York, say Fifty-ninth street west of Columbus Circle, or the "black belt" at 135th street and has used his eyes and ears, will ever tolerate the E. K. Means stories. Far less would a man who was "born and raised" in the South. For they are not true, not accurate, not natural, not convincing. They are written for the childlike mind of the American public which wishes to be told that its preconceived ideas about the negro are correct.

Perhaps you think I am unduly excited, that I have some grudge against Means, or some affection for Cohen. I know neither of these gentlemen. I never expect to meet them. It is merely that, having seen the negro in his native and Northern habitat, I like to read a darky story with some feeling of actuality, to be able to believe that possibly the incidents might have happened, that the conversations might have been spoken. But I cannot achieve this feeling, or this belief, during or after reading a story by E. K.

Means. GEO. B. JENKINS, JR.
Fentres, Va., September 29.

HEROISM OF NEGROES INSPIRES BLIND POET

Tribute Paid in Verse to First Two Black Soldiers Killed

Members of more than one group of listeners have been deeply moved by the sentiment and feeling Irwin W. Underhill, blind negro poet, puts into his own poem, "Two Heroes," in reciting the lines written in honor of Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts, the first American negroes to fall in battle in France.

Blindness that came in the very prime of life and cut him off from much of the work he had hoped to accomplish in the uplift of his race made a poet of Underhill. He composes, corrects and completes his poems mentally and then repeats them to his daughter, who typewrites them.

Though he has learned to read Braille print, he has not learned to write since his blindness; but he does not let this interfere with his poetic muse, which, he declares, has made his acquaintance since his affliction. He keeps a small grocery at 316 South Eighteenth street, from which he makes a living. As he deals out vegetables and staples to his customers he thinks out his poems. One volume has already been published.

"Back Home," a Darky's Prayer

While his dialect verses are perhaps the better, he has written some in pure English with a depth of meaning. "Back Home" is a favorite with audiences before which he often reads. It follows:

"I's gwine back home t' ole Virginny,
Among dem fields ob yellow corn;
Back to stay with my Lucindy,
De sweetest gal dat e'er was born."

This, as well as his "Shake Dat 'Simmon Tree," are typical of the old southern darky's simple wants:

"Dat's all rite 'bout youh wath million,
Chicken or youh ham,
Or turkey lak de white fokes eat,
Or little baby lam'.
But honey, if it's youh delight
Dat you would feed to me.
Jest let me, when de possum's ripe,
Go shake dat 'simmon tree."

Ah suthly want t' go t' hebin,
An' lay mah troubles down;
To sit upon dat pearly throne
An' weah a starry crown.
But if it's milk an' honey dat
Dey's gwine t' feed t' me,
Ah prays day Ah might stay right hyeah
An' shake dat 'simmon tree."

To Johnson and Roberts

Underhill's latest poem, "Two 'Heroes,'" dedicated to Johnson and Roberts, follows:
Ah I knew it, I've been waiting
For those joyous bells to ring,
To catch the wondrous message
That would set my muse to sing.

To learn of deeds heroic
Done by colored boys in blue;
Tho' the blue has changed to khaki
Still their hearts are just as true,

As the hearts of Crispus Attucks,
Peter Salem or the boys
Who at Pillow and Fort Wagner
Earned a share in freedom's joys

These boys are no exceptions
To a million sons of Ham
Who would gladly don the khaki,
And fight for Uncle Sam.

And when this war is over,
Sure as earth is 'neath the sky,
They'll treat the negro as a man
Or Sambo's bound to die!

Our colored boys had not been tried
Upon this foreign soil,
We knew not what we might expect
From those young sons of toil.

At last the bugle called for them,
In trench they found a place,
With French to right and French to left
And Germans face to face.

And, recognized at last as men
Despite their darker hue;
(In France, the test of manhood is
That heart and hand be true).

In vain they sought by night and day,
Across the top to climb,
Till Henry Johnson and his friend
Improved the chance sublime.

With Needham Roberts, Johnson stood
As sentinels one night,

They mingled with their thoughts of home
A longing for a fight.

Amidst the ever thickening gloom
That comes before the dawn,
Two packs of twelve of wolf-like Huns
Were deftly sneaking on.

When near, they threw a deadly bomb,
And Johnson felt its blow,
Then like a tiger scenting blood,
He turned upon the foe.

With rifle, knife and hand grenade,
It seemed a demon's part,
But love of freedom and his flag
Were stirring at his heart.

While Roberts, scrambling in the dust,
Thrice pierced by pistol shot,
Threw hand grenades, brought down two
Huns
To share a harsher lot.

So nineteen coyotes skulked away
And muttered as the dark
Was changed to dawn, and soon was heard
The singing of the lark.

My dream, my hope, like every wish
Sent righteously above,
Has been fulfilled. Oh, speed the day
Of justice, peace and love!

PENTON N I GAZETTE MARCH 4, 1919 NEGRO BAND MASTER VISITS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Eugene Francis Mikell, bandmaster of the famous Fifteenth cavalry, regulars, from New York, visited the Bordentown Industrial School for Colored Youths yesterday. Mr. Mikell left his position of musical director of the school to take charge of the band when part of the regiment was stationed at Camp Dix, a year ago.

Before the band had left this country it had made itself famous, and France went wild over the negro players when they played in the small towns, in the hospitals, and even in General Pershing's headquarters. Mr. Mikell told of his experiences on the other side to the students and faculty. It is hoped he will be able to resume his connection with the school.

ORGANIZE TO STUDY COLORED RACE MUSIC WASHINGTON D C

Formation of a temporary organization to develop the study of music peculiar to the colored race was effected last night at the end of a three-day conference in the Dunbar High School. Twelve states were represented.

Officers elected were: Henry Grant, president; Douglas Hold, Chicago, vice president; Miss Simmons, of Tuskegee, secretary; I. Johnson, of New York, treasurer. Maj. Walter I. Loving, U. S. A. had given scholarships at Howard University and the Washington Conservatory of Music for the study of the musical themes of the colored race.

CHICAGO ILL TRIBUNE APRIL 27, 1919

Ident Europe whose band of blacks comes today for a week of jazz and such in the Auditorium, may or may not classify as a "real musician," in the cant location of the ateliers; and he is a practical one. He was for a times with the Castles, when they were in the thick of their profitable vogue; and then, rightly assaying the popular appetite for the aborted accent and the bifurcated beat, he proved himself what is called on the editorial page a realist by forming himself into a jazz-players' trust. He controlled, for a year or two before the United States went into the war, most of the specialists in Manhattan and tributary places. One of the industrial millionaires with Broadway enthusiasms, Daniel Reid, gave \$19,000 to Europe, when the latter was organizing the present band for service in France, to go to Porto Rico for additional talent; and Europe, the story goes, raided the symphony orchestra maintained in San Juan and carried off its best woodwind men. He conducts the band and plays the piano for the solo singers.

BELYN N Y STANDARD JANUARY 19, 1919

Roland W. Hayes, colored, will give his first Metropolitan recital on Jan. 30 at Aeolian Hall. His programme runs from Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff to negro spirituals arranged by Harry T. Burleigh to accompany him.

CLEF CLUB OF NEGROES GIVES ITS MEMBERS

Y C WORLD
FEBRUARY 3, 1919

The Clef Club of negro musicians gave what it called an Arabian Nights entertainment in the Selwyn Theatre last night. If the enthusiasm of the audience is any criterion the club may continue its weekly amusement as long as it wishes.

With solo singers, a quartet and an orchestra made up of violins, cellos, wind instruments, a plentiful supply of brasses, a "shimmie" drummer and a collection of banjos, the audience listened to a variety of music ranging from the Rachmaninoff Prelude to the most up to date jazz discords. The keen sense of rhythm that the negro musician possesses was always in evidence, and the player's enthusiasm was communicated to the audience. Fewer serious numbers by the orchestra and more singing would make the programme still more attractive. There will be another concert next Sunday.

NYC CALL
JULY 27, 1919

The Negro in Sculpture

EMANCIPATION AND THE
FREED IN AMERICAN SCULP-
TURE. By Freeman H. M. Mur-
ray. Published by the author,
Washington, D. C. Price, \$4.75.

Freeman Murray's volume on the Negro in American sculpture, especially in the period immediately preceding and after the Civil War, leaves the reader and art lover with mingled feelings; one cannot fail to recognize that the author has opened up an interesting and important field; but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that he has not done his topic justice. He is a keen lover of his race, he expresses intelligently and convincingly the aspirations of the Negro, but, in his effort to deal with the subject, he has fallen far below the mark he has set himself. It is true that Murray does not pretend to be an art critic, that his viewpoint is based upon the message of the figures he has undertaken to discuss, that he is mainly interested in the interpretation rather than their esthetic import; but he nevertheless falls into the trap of lengthy discourses on modelling, figure analysis and other correlated subjects, which, while they would be interesting if treated by other hands, confuses the matter which Murray takes up, and leads both him and the reader into mazes.

Then, too, Murray shows in this book that he has done a vast amount of reading on art subjects, reading often unwisely, and leading him into controversies which do not add to clarity. It might have been better if he had left out other authorities, taken his statues and tablets and given us his own interpretation. When he is himself he is convincing and readable; when he argues on art he is often merely querulous.

Murray set up the type of the book himself, spent many months attending to the mechanical affairs of the printing, and, as a result, has been compelled to fill his book with a great number of notes, little items which were necessary because his material was in the process of change and development while he was busy setting type. The topic did not receive the attention which it deserved, and the book is often contradictory, incoherent and tiresome. Apparently Murray was not quite certain when he began the book what he was after. He seems to have permitted every stray bit of reading, every new opinion, to find a place in the volume until he is badly tangled. He discusses in this roundabout way, some two score statues and bas-reliefs, by no means covering the field with appreciable thoroughness.

The volume is the first in a proposed series on "Black Folk in Art," a series which will be looked forward to with much interest, not alone by Negroes, but also by others who recognize that the future of the world's good is bound up in a full understanding of a unity of all peoples. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming volumes, if written by Murray, will not also compel him to give his time to the mechanical as well as the literary labor. And, if the newer issues will have more of Murray and less of other writers the reading will be of greater interest. He need not seek confirmation for his views, his own opinions are more convincing than many of those he quotes in the present volume.

Despite the many shortcomings of the present book, it cannot be denied that Murray's enthusiasm and labor have opened up a field of study which is fascinating and illuminative. It is a commendable first attempt (it cannot be called more than an attempt) and future volumes will, no doubt, be more in keeping with the magnitude and dignity of the subject.

L. G.

Regimental Sgt. Major C. R. Banks of the 805th Pioneer Infantry writes the following little poem entitled "The Souvenir":

*I have no German helmet,
No watch, ring or an iron cross,
Altho to the front I was sent,
Perhaps I should regret my loss,
I did not see the Fatherland
Nor cross the River Rhine,
I fought until I could not stand
And did my best while on the line.*

*Not one blanket have I to show
From the cold, bloody battle field,
What good are they, I'd like to know,
Would they a wounded heart heal?
Hits will not make a sad soul sing,
Nor give happiness at a glance,
The only souvenir I bring
Is a mother's son from France.*

Sgt. Banks writes that they hope to return home in time to play tennis, also that the Sun is one source of pleasure to the boys. He wishes to be remembered by his many friends.

Europe for Europe After Ending Jazz Tour of America

AMERICAN
MARCH 9, 1919

Famous Band of the 369th Infantry Gives Its First Concert Here Next Sunday.

Lieutenant "Jim" Europe's famous musicians of New York's 369th Infantry Regiment ("Hell Fighters") will start a world-wide concert tour at the Manhattan Opera House next Sunday afternoon.

Europe, and every man in the band, have insisted that their first concert be given to soldiers and sailors in uniform, who will be admitted free, but the public will be permitted to buy seats for the evening concert, which is likely to be the last appearance of this band in New York for some time. It is the present intention to take the fighting musicians to every city of any considerable size in the nation.

Then, Lieutenant Europe says, he will sail away and put the jazz in every corner of Europe, uplifting the tired business man and public wherever found. And the band won't need any introduction there for Europe's Band played Europe from the time of the arrival of the first United States troops to the early days of the American "Wacht am Rhine."

It was the sensation of Paris and the delight and inspiration of the trenches, rest billets and hospitals from the opening to the close of the war. The band was organized under the subsidy of Daniel G. Reid before

the 369th sailed for France. It was developed by Lieutenant Europe, and while in France played in friendly rivalry with the famous Garde Republicaine Band and regimental bands of the Allied armies.

It is no secret that Europe's band won many laurels, and that the French people gave expressions of preference for the playing of this wonderful band.

*I have no German helmet,
No watch, ring or an iron cross,
Altho to the front I was sent,
Perhaps I should regret my loss,
I did not see the Fatherland
Nor cross the River Rhine,
I fought until I could not stand
And did my best while on the line.*

*Not one blanket have I to show
From the cold, bloody battle field,
What good are they, I'd like to know,
Would they a wounded heart heal?
Hits will not make a sad soul sing,
Nor give happiness at a glance,
The only souvenir I bring
Is a mother's son from France.*

I wander on the boulevards
And painted demoiselles
Give flat ring invitations
They're right thee with the bells,
But none of them look good to me,
For fa across the foam
I know a real one's waiting;
She's the girl back home.

I've got a bunch of buddies
Who like to hit the booze,
They go zig-zag on cognac
Or tank up on Vin Rouge;
But any guy who falls for that
Has got an Ivory dome
Or else he doesn't think a lot
Of the girl back home.

Some day we'll get order
Back home the regiment goes;
Across the pond we'll sail "Tout suite,
Put on Civilian clothes!
And then Oh boy, comes my reward
No more abroad I'll roam,
But settle down to real home life
With the girl back home.

NYC HERALD
JANUARY 31, 1919
NEGRO TENOR GIVES RECITAL.

The negro already has given much to the music of America. He has inspired some great composers like Dvorak with his folk music, and a wealth of unmined gold is yet to be found in the "negro spirituals." Therefore when a negro tenor is presented who can sing not only the songs of his race in beautiful style but also more modern and conventional music with rare beauty of voice and great culture he should be welcomed by all true lovers of music.

Roland W. Hayes, who gave a song recital at Aeolian Hall last night, made a great impression in songs by that well known composer Harry T. Burleigh, who has done so much with the so-called "negro spirituals" of his race and is besides a song writer who stands on an equality with the best of his day. Mr. Hayes also sang that exquisite aria by the Afro-English composer Coleridge Taylor, "Onaway, awake, beloved," and some French and Russian songs. He is a highly cultured and sincere artist who should be heard on many future occasions.

NYC TO
JANUARY 31, 1919

A Negro Tenor.

There are 12,000,000 negroes in America, and among the names of which they are proud are those of Booker Washington, Coleridge-Taylor, Ira Aldridge, Jesse White, Brindis de Salas, Jiminez, Du Bois, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Harry T. Burleigh; also Roland W. Hayes, considered the leading tenor of the race. Philip Hale, the great Boston critic, speaks of his voice as "rich, pure, free, gracefully lyrical," and he is master of "fine poetical phrasing." Says another writer: "Excellent trained, it glows with the warmth and richness of the singers of his race. At home in many languages, admirable diction is a feature of his singing. He has been heard all over the United States, and in every case the press and public have expressed enthusiastic comments." He will sing at Aeolian Hall next Thursday evening. Russian, French, and American music, colored and white.

ST PAUL VINN PRESS

"MAMMY" AUTHOR HERE.

Miss Finch Would Preserve Negro Nursery Tales.

The preservation to present generations of the picturesque lore that almost has been lost with the passing of the Negro of slavery days is the hope of Miss Finch, a black magazine writer and entertainer, who is visiting at the home of Miss Lily A. Long, 589 Summit avenue.

Miss Finch is the originator of the "Mammy Stories," tales of the old Negro mammy who served her family for three generations in New Orleans. These and the quaint songs of the nursery form the program of recitals which Miss Finch gives. She also is the contributor of many poems and stories to Harper's and other magazines.

The "ligious stories," the fanciful legends and the romance of the old Negro Mammy, so common to the nursery of the South more than half a century ago, hardly are known in the South today and not at all in the North, said Miss Finch yesterday.

It is through the impersonation of her old Negro mammy that Miss Finch hopes to keep alive the old tales of the nursery.

NEGRO ARTIST COMES

TO LIGHT

By Associated Negro Press
New Orleans, La., March 17.—Arthur Edwin Johnson, of this city, is the name of a new Negro artist who has been discovered in the last few days. He never has taken a lesson in art, but his productions are regarded marvelous, and hundreds of people of both races flock to his humble gallery every day to see his handiwork.

Lieut. Europe on Jazz Music

AND TELLS ITS EFFECTS

The latest international word seems to be "jazz." It is used almost exclusively in British papers to describe the kind of music and dancing—particularly dancing—imported from America, thereby arousing discussions, in which bishops do not disdain to participate, to fill all the papers. While society once "ragged," they now "jazz."

In this country, though we have been tolerably familiar with the word for two years or more, we still try to pursue its mysterious origins. Lieut. James Reese E. Trope, late of the machine gun Battalion of the 15th Regiment, tells Mr. Grenville Vernon, of the New York Tribune, that the word comes from Mr. Razz, who led a band in New Orleans some fifteen years ago, and whose fame is perpetuated in a somewhat modified form. Besides the information we supply here, another statement about Mr. Razz's band from a New Orleans paper may be seen on page 47, to which the reader is referred. Lieut. Europe says:

"I believe the term 'jazz' originated with a band of four pieces which was known as 'Razz' Band. This band was of truly extraordinary composition. It consisted of a barytone horn, a trombone, a cornet, and an instrument made out of the chinaberry tree. This instrument is something like the clarinet, and is made by the Southern Negroes themselves. Strange to say it can be used only while the sap is in the wood, and after a few weeks use has to be thrown away. It produces a beautiful sound and is worthy of inclusion in any band or orchestra. I myself intend to employ it soon in my my band. The four musicians of Razz's Band had no idea at all of what they were playing; they improvised as they went along, but such was their innate sense of rhythm that they produced something that was very taking. From the small cafes of New Orleans they graduated to the St Charles Hotel, and after a time to the Winter Garden in New York, where they appeared, however, only a few days, the individual musicians being grabbed up by various orchestras in the city. Somehow in the passage of time

Razz's Band got changed into 'Jazz's Band,' and from this corruption arose the term 'jazz.'

"The Negro loves anything that is peculiar in music, and this 'jazzing' appeals to him strongly. It is accomplished in several ways. With the brass instruments we put in mutes and make a whirling motion with the tongue, at the same time blowing full pressure. With wind instruments we pinch the mouthpiece and blow hard. This produces the peculiar sound which you all know. To us it is not discordant, as we play the music as it is written, only that we accent strongly in this manner the notes which originally would be without accent. It is natural for us to do this; it is, indeed, a racial musical characteristic. I have to call a daily rehearsal of my band to prevent the musicians from adding to their music more than I wish them to. Whenever possible they all embroider their parts in order to produce new, peculiar sounds. Some of these effects are excellent and some are not, and I have to be continually on the lookout to cut out the results of my musicians' originality."

The news from Paris is so filled with weightier matters and the French papers are so much less loquacious than our Anglo-Saxon ones on the lighter sides of life that, until the Lieutenant speaks, we haven't heard of the impression jazz has made on the French:

"I recall one incident in particular. From last February to last August I had been in the trenches in command of my machine gun squad. I had been through the terrific general attack in Champagne when General Gouraud annihilated the enemy by his strategy and finally put an end to their hopes of victory, and I had been through many a smaller engagement. I can tell you that music was one of the things furthest from my mind when one day just before the Allied Conference in Paris, on August 18, Col. Hayward came to me and said:

"Lieut. Europe, I want you to go back to your band and give a single concert in Paris."

"I protested, telling him that I had not led the band since February, but he insisted. Well, I went back to my band, and with it I went to Paris.

What was to be our only concert was in the Theatre des Champs-Elysees. Before we had played two numbers the audience went wild. We had conquered Paris and there we stayed for eight weeks. Everywhere we gave a concert it was a riot, but the supreme moment came in the Tuileries Gardens when we gave a concert in conjunction with the greatest bands in the world—the British Grenadiers' Band, the band of the Garde Republicain, and the Royal Italian Band. My band of course, could not compare with any of these, yet the crowd, and it was such a crowd as I never saw anywhere else in the world, deserted them for us. We played to 50,000 people at least, and, had we wished it, we might be playing yet.

"After the concert was over the leader of the band of the Garde Republicain came over and asked for me for the score of one of the jazz compositions we had played. He said he wanted his band to play it. I gave it to him, and the next day he again came to see me. He explained that he couldn't seem to get the effects I got, and asked me to go to a rehearsal. I went with him. The great band played the composition superbly—but he was right: the jazz effects were missing. I took an instrument and showed him how it could be done, and he told me that his own musicians felt sure that my band had used special instruments. Indeed, some of them, afterward attended one of my rehearsals, did not believe what I had said until after they had examined the instruments used by my men."

It is the feeling of this musician, who, indeed, before the war supplied most of the music in New York dancing circles, that a higher plane in music may be attained by Negroes if they stick to their own form. He concludes:

"I have come back from France more firmly convinced than ever that Negroes should write Negro music. We have our own racial feelings and if we try to copy whites we will make bad copies. I noticed that the Moroco Negro bands played music which had an affinity to ours. One piece, 'In Zanzibar,' I took for my band, and though white audiences seem to find it too discordant, I found it most sympathetic. We won France by playing music which was ours and not a pale imitation of others, and if we are to develop in America we must develop along our own lines. Our musicians

do their best work when using Negro material. Will Marion Cook, Wm. Tires, even Harry Burleigh and Coleridge Taylor are not truly themselves in the music which expresses their race. Mr. Tires, for instance, writes charming waltzes but the best of these have in them Negro influences. The music of our race springs from the soil, and this is true today with no other race, except possibly the Russians, and it is because of this that I and all my musicians have come to love Russian music. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, it is the only music I care for outside of Negro."

The Lieutenant then tells how he formed his band:

"When war broke out I enlisted as a private in Colonel Hayward's regiment, and I had just passed my officer's examination when the Colonel asked me to form a band. I told him that it would be impossible, as the Negro musicians in New York were paid too well to have them give up their jobs to go to war. However, Colonel Hayward raised \$10,000 and told me to get the musicians wherever I could get them. The reed-players I got in Porto Rico, and rest from all over the country. I had only one New York Negro in the band—my solo cornetist. These are the men who now compose the band, and they are all fighters as well as musicians, for all have seen service in the trenches"—Literary Digest.

Funeral of Famous Bandmaster Held On Tuesday

Fatally Cut by Drummer Herbert Wright Last Week in Boston.

Thousands of New Yorkers Tuesday paid tribute to the memory of the late Lieut. James Reese Europe, who, on Friday evening of last week, was cut and fatally wounded by Herbert Wright, a drummer in the "Hell Fighters" (369th Infantry) Band of which the deceased was leader. The cutting occurred in Lieutenant Europe's dressing room while the band was giving a concert at Mechanic Hall,

Boston.

The funeral was one of the largest ever held in New York for a member of the race. For blocks in Harlem the sidewalks and windows were filled with onlookers as the cortege, which left the undertaking parlors of Granville A. Paris, 161 West 131st street, moved up Seventh avenue to 140th street, then east to Lenox avenue and south to 125th street, where the paraders entrained in the subway for Columbus Circle.

At Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue the cortege proceeded to Sixth avenue, then to Fifty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, down Fifty-fourth street to Sixth avenue, up Fifty-third street, passing the headquarters of the Clef Club, to St. Mark's M. E. Church.

In the line of march were the "Hell Fighters" Band, led by Ford Dabney; one hundred members of the old 15th (369th Infantry), Lieut. John W. Harris in command; members of the 15th Regiment, New York State Guard, under Major W. Hubert Jackson; the regimental band, members of the Hayward Unit of the National League for Women's Service, in command of Capt. Sadie Leavelle; prominent civilians and officers of the 15th New York State Guard, headed by Lieut. Col. Charles W. Fillmore, who served as honorary pallbearers; the Masons and Elks.

Hours before time for the funeral the galleries and other parts of the church reserved for the public were filled. Many who paraded were unable to secure seats.

The active pallbearers were members of the old 15th Regiment. The oaken casket was draped with the National colors.

Colonel Hayward Present.

Attending the funeral services were many well known white persons, including Col. William Hayward, Major David A. L'Esperance, Major Hamilton Fish, Jr., John Wanamaker, Jr., Captain Hinton, Captain Clark, Lieut. J. P. Gillespie of the French 59th Artillery, Pat Casey, who has been directing the tour of the "Hell Fighters" Band, and Charles Canfield, representing the Allied Theatrical Association.

The order of services was as follows: Numbers by St. Marks' Choir; prayer by the Rev. R. M. Bolden; reading by the Rev. W. Stephenson Holder of resolutions passed by the Interdenominational Preachers' Meeting of New York and Vicinity; reading of Scripture by the Rev. A. R. Cooper; eulogy of deceased by Clarence Johnstone, representing the Clef Club, solo, "Victory," by Harry T. Burleigh; taps sounded by Bugler Clarence Clark of the old 15th; sermon by Chaplain W. H. Brooks; singing of "Dear Old Pal of Mine" by quartet composed of Creighton Thompson, Lloyd Gibbs, Arthur Payne and Charles Smith.

At the conclusion of the services the body was escorted to the Pennsylvania Station and sent to Washington, D. C., the former home of the deceased, on the 5 p. m. train. Interment was held Wednesday in Arlington Cemetery, where the deceased was buried with military honors.

It required five automobiles to carry

the floral tributes, which were from the Clef Club, Frogs, the Association, Turf Club, Al Brown Entertainers, Bert and Lotie Williams, Mrs. Irene Castle Treman, and many other organizations, theatrical folk and citizens.

New Yorkers Shocked by Death.

The news of Lieut. James Reese Europe's death, which was received in New York early Saturday morning, came as a distinct shock to his many friends and acquaintances. Only a few days before information came from Boston that the "Hell Fighters" Band was doing a good business in Boston and that the famous bandleader was in excellent spirits.

The misunderstanding between Lieutenant Europe and Herbert Wright is said to have originated over the drummer's indifference to discipline. On numerous occasions he has walked across the stage while the singers were doing their number, and he had been previously asked to stop this infraction of the rules.

Friday morning Lieutenant Europe had been told by a physician that he was about to have a touch of pneumonia and advised to take good care of himself; for this reason he was not as active as usual on the evening he was killed.

While in his dressing room he was informed that Wright, who is twenty-four years old, had walked across the stage while the Harmony Kings were doing their numbers, and the drummer was sent for. He went into his leader's room in a sullen mood, and eye-witnesses say Wright had not been in the dressing room but a very short time before he cut at Europe, who, in protecting his body, was cut in the neck with a small pen-knife, and it was later discovered that his jugular vein had been severed.

Lieutenant Europe sent for Felix Weir and calmly told him to conduct the rest of the program. In the meantime a police officer was sent for and placed the drummer under arrest.

The injured bandmaster was taken to a hospital and died a few hours later. At the time he was cut he had no idea that the injury was of so serious a nature.

When the cutting occurred Messrs. Drayton and Brown, the former a member of the Harmony Kings, were in the dressing room talking to Europe. Together with Arthur Jackson, Noble Sissile and Wright's stage brother were held as witnesses. Monday, Herbert Wright was held for the killing.

Had Spectacular Career.

Lieut. James Reese Europe, known to thousands at "Jim" Europe, was born in Mobile, Ala., forty years ago last February. When quite young his family moved to Washington, D. C., where he attended the public schools of the district and began to study music. He was of a musical family, his sister, Miss Mary Europe, and a brother, John Europe, being excellent musicians.

About fifteen years ago the deceased came to New York and secured job as a piano player. During the season

of 1906-07 he went out as musical director for the Jolly John Larkins Company, and next was seen in the role of a musical director with the Cole and Johnson Company. The musical hit of Cole and Johnson's Shoofly Regiment was "Gay Luneta," sung by Theodore Pankey, which was written by him.

Later James Reese Europe was found serving as musical director of the Smart Set Company, and his last appearance in this capacity was with the Bert Williams Lode of Koal Company.

It was in 1910 when the deceased hit upon the idea of dignifying the colored musician and entertainer in New York and he formed the Clef Club, which soon became a clearing house for the Negro musician, who not only found it possible to secure more work but get better pay.

A few years later the founder of the Clef Club withdrew from the organization and organized the Tempo Club, which also did its part in elevating the colored musician. About this time dancing became extremely popular in New York and Negro musicians were in great demand. Through James Reese Europe hundreds of musicians were furnished weekly to members of the Four Hundred and wealthy people in and out of New York at fancy prices. On some occasions entertainers have been sent as far west as Chicago.

Proves Valuable to the Castles.

When Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle became the idols of the dancing public they secured the services of "Jim" Europe and his band. For months the colored musicians held forth at "Castles in the Air," which was the principal institution of its kind in Greater New York. When the Castles went on the road they insisted on taking the colored musicians with them and, of course, under the direction of "Jim" Europe.

The high regard in which Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle held "Jim" Europe was shown several years ago when they appeared as the principal attraction at a colored entertainment given by the deceased at Manhattan Casino. They danced as if before a Fifth avenue audience. Speaking of Manhattan Casino, some of the largest and most successful entertainments were given at this place by "Jim" Europe. His first Clef Club concerts will long linger in one's memory.

When Col. William Hayward started to organize the old 15th Regiment James Reese Europe was one of the first colored men to secure a commission. Later on Colonel Hayward authorized Lieutenant Europe to get up a crack band, and in order to do so the latter went to Porto Rico for some of his men.

The 15th later became the 369th and was sent overseas and Europe went as a first lieutenant in charge of the band. How this aggregation of musicians played before royalty and won the commendation of General Pershing and other notables is well known. No one has denied that the old 15th Band made the biggest hit in France of any band in the American Expeditionary Forces.

When the old 15th returned from France a few months ago the three out-

standing figures in the regiment were Col. William Hayward, Sergt. Henry Johnson and Lieut. James Reese Europe. They were more in the limelight than any other members of the regiment, and the band was given columns of space in the newspapers.

Well known theatrical promoters, quickly appreciating the prestige Lieutenant Europe and his band were enjoying, completed arrangements to send the organization on a big tour throughout the country. The first performance was given on a Sunday evening at the Manhattan Casino and was a big success. Then the jazz craze was started in earnest. Lieut. James Reese Europe was responsible for this style of music becoming immensely popular, and for this reason he was nicknamed the "jazz king."

The "Hell Fighters" Band has been meeting with success everywhere, and many a prejudiced white person has resolved to accord the Negro better and fairer treatment after hearing these talented colored singers and musicians. Fighting race prejudice with music has been one of the band's chief missions while touring the country.

James Reese Europe, who is survived by a widow, Mrs. Willie Europe, a mother, sister, brother and also other relatives where his folks reside in Washington, was witty to a degree. One of his dominant traits was pride of race. He was not ashamed of being a Negro or being called a Negro, believing that instead of worrying and arguing about what he should be called, the proper thing was to dignify the term "Negro," just as he helped dignify Negro music.

"Jim" Europe's business success in life was chiefly due to the fact that he was a thinker and a hustler. He did not stop after formulating a plan; he was never satisfied until the idea took concrete form. He was the Roosevelt of the Negro musicians—a dynamic force that did things—big things. His death comes as a big loss to the musical world, but a still greater loss to the race of which he was proud to be a member.

"PACK CLOUDS AWAY," "Spring." By Alexander. Rihm. "In Flanders Fields." By Mark Andrews. Two Negro Spirituals: "Walt 'Till Ah Put on My Crown," "Things Up Yonder White as Snow." Arr. by William Reddick. "Two Little Stars." By Geoffrey O'Hara. (New York: Huntzinger and Dilworth.)

The two Rihm songs are delightful melodic pieces, a bit conventional in idiom for this day and age, but sure to prove attractive to concert audiences. In "Pack Clouds Away," Mr. Rihm has set a Thomas Heywood poem, in "Spring" a poem by Lorena Zeller. The first song is for a high voice, while the second may be sung by a high or medium voice, optional notes being indicated in smaller notation. There is a dedication on "Spring" to Julius William Meyer.

Mr. Andrews has made a setting of the most famous poem of the war, "In Flanders Fields," for the excellent American contralto, Mary Jordan. In many ways it is a good song. We feel, however, that Mr. Andrews in composing it

worked too much to make the voice part a direct melody, something that the poem does not seem to us to call for. There is fine writing in it, to be sure, as one expects from a musician of Mr. Andrews's standing and in performance the song probably works out admirably. High and low keys are published.

Mr. Reddick's success last season as an arranger of Negro spirituals has prompted him to add these two new ones. The first, "Wait Till Ah Put on My Crown," is a fine one, one that we are sure will have a notable success. In his harmonization Mr. Reddick has been happy and has really set off the melody capitally. There is a dedication to May Peterson. Of his other setting, "Things Up Yonder White as Snow," we can speak less enthusiastically. It is a version of the spiritual, "Sinner, Please Doan Let dis Harves' Pass," which H. T. Burleigh made a year or more ago. The text as used by Mr. Reddick is "Sinner, don't you let this harvest pass," and the melody is also quoted differently. Both arrangers, to be sure, may be justified by their artistic impulses in altering the melody. Mr. Reddick's version, for that matter, may be closer to the original than Mr. Burleigh's. We will not attempt to say which is. But the fact remains that we like the Burleigh version better as a song for concert. After all, this is the purpose for which the spiritual has been arranged. Both spirituals are issued for medium voice.

Mr. O'Hara seems to have written a "hit" in his "Two Little Stars," a simple little song of insinuating charm. This gifted composer, who can write all kinds of music, from sacred song to army songs like his famous stuttering song, "K-K-Katy," has a melodic sense that rivals Oley Speaks and recalls Ethelbert Nevin. This song has in it that which makes songs sung from coast to coast. It is for a medium voice with an optional note at the end for a high voice. The poem by T. E. B. Henry is a very attractive one, telling its story delightfully.

MUSICAL NOTES MARCH 21, 1919 Jim Europe and Colored Jazzers Stage it at Academy

Orpheus, god of music, is today recovering from a musical spree, staged last night at the Academy of Music with the assistance of Jim Reese Europe and his 369th U. S. Infantry (Hell Fighters) Band, jazz artists de luxe.

The musicians are colored, so is their music, highly colored.

But even Orpheus, with his headache and his throbbing temples, is willing to admit that he had a good time, that he heard some wonderfully sweet "darky" melodies, a marvelous rendition of "jazz music," or camouflaged melody, and that in Jim Europe he has a friend who can combine dignified conducting and humorous body-interpretations of jazzed syncopation in a manner delightful to behold.

The classical numbers on the lengthy and well arranged program were appreciated by an audience that, when all is said and done, had not come to hear classics, but came to hear "jazz as he is played by those who know how," and to see Jimmie Europe conduct.

Such tunes as "Ja-Da," "Katie" and "When You Come Back Again," and

many other rag-time, jazz-time and popular-air tunes were played with a swing, a swerve, and a tempo that lifted the soul as well as the feet of the listener and carried him away to the Land of Shuffling Feet. Never was there such "moving" jazz music.

The vocal numbers, however, were easily the hit of the evening. Not in some years has there been heard in Philadelphia a sweeter-voiced tenor than Lt. Noble Sissile, former drum major of the band, who was accompanied on the piano by Conductor Jimmie Europe himself.

Sissile's voice is as flexible as the many-keyed clarinet. His rendition of a special number, descriptive of "No Man's Land" brought forth sustained applause.

The octette of "Singing Serenaders" staged another decided hit. Their songs of the "Southland" brought the tears to the eyes of white members of the audience as well as the more dusky listeners.

Creighton Thompson in a "song barrage" of solos came in for generous applause. He is a talented interpreter of popular songs.

One of the novelty events of the evening was the "Biff, Band Bombardment by the Percussion Twins," Steve and Herbert Wright, whose snare drum duet was a cross between a shrapnel barrage and a suffrage convention.

Al Johnson, in his pianologue of original songs, touched the heart of his audience with several truly poetic interpretations of "the tender passion" peculiar not alone to the colored race, but which moves the hearts of the entire human family.

The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" at the end of the program brought every one standing at attention convinced that they had just "gone over the top" of the musical trenches and had conquered all the "blues" and "grouches" in existence. You can hear Jimmie Europe and his band and retain a grouch.

DITON COLLECTING MANUSCRIPT

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Carl Dittmer, the well known composer-pianist, has been authorized by the Association of Negro Musicians to gather all possible information concerning the standard of compositions thus far attained by the Negro composer of America.

The attention of aspiring composers is, therefore, directed toward the following:

1. The National Association of Negro Musicians desires manuscripts. Dance music such as waltzes and fox-trots must not be sent. Only operas, sonatas, symphonies and solo pieces for voice and classic instruments, such as the flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, french horn, trumpet (cornet), trombone, tuba, violin, and violoncello are desired.
2. Composers may for the sake of security keep a copy of the manuscript, for, since the association intends to preserve all manuscripts sent it for future reference, the same will not be returned.
3. The worthiest compositions will be mentioned in the composition report, which will be made before the annual convention of the association, July 29-31, 1919, at Chicago.
4. No composition is desired which the composer does not consider good quality.
5. Send all compositions to Carl Dittmer, 26 No. 38th street, Philadelphia, Pa., on or before July 22, with adequate postage to insure speedy arrival.

Music, Poetry, and Art - 1919.

BY LESTER A. WALTON

The New York Age
COLORED American musicians are now in demand in Paris, France, as the French have cultivated a taste for ragtime and jazz music. Having fallen willing victims to the melody dispensed by race military bands, the music-loving public of the French capital is eager to hear a colored orchestra from the States. The presence in New York of Louis A. Mitchell, well-known in colored theatrical circles on this side of the Atlantic, marks the first determined effort of French managers to bring to Paris a big orchestra composed entirely of Negroes from the United States. Mr. Mitchell is representing the owner of the Casino de Paris, who is expected in this country sometime in February.

The plan under contemplation is to take to France an orchestra of fifty men, featuring the bandolin, mandolin, guitar and other stringed instruments mastered by colored musicians. The orchestra will be permitted to show its versatility by playing operatic selections and works by leading composers as well as ragtime.

An orchestra, such as Louis Mitchell has in mind, would beyond a doubt strike the popular fancy of the French people and enhance the standing of the American Negro as a musician. The only deterrent feature to the idea at this time is the important question of passports. Even theatrical managers of prominence and stars of the footlights find themselves marooned in New York. The State Department at Washington does not consider amusements of vital importance at this time and theatrical folk desirous of crossing the ocean find their requests for passports meet with little favor. It may be that colored musicians wanting to go to France will not face such obstacles.

The Casino de Paris is the largest and most popular music hall in Paris, and reminds one of Hammerstein's Victoria which graced the Rialto some years ago. The Casino has an orchestra of a score or more musicians and the only Negro in it is Louis A. Mitchell, who is nightly featured.

Nearly two years ago Louis Mitchell, who had been appearing

It was not long before his services were wanted by a number of French theatrical managers and he signed a contract to play at the Casino de Paris Orchestra. Each evening his importance is emphasized by the spotlight, a piece of marked attention no other member of the orchestra is accorded.

Louis Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell reside with their little son at 69 Rue de Clichy, and during the past year their home has been thrown open to colored soldiers and civilians from the U. S. A. On New Year's the dramatic editor of THE AGE was the dinner guest of the Mitchells on which occasion good old American eats, including turkey with all of its embellishments, were served.

CLEF CLUB AT SELWYN THEATRE

Edwin B. Perkins, a young theatrical promoter who also is well known in Europe, is co-operating with Deacon Johnson to put the Clef Club Orchestra on the local theatrical map. While the Clef Club has enjoyed many successes in recent years at the Manhattan Casino and on several occasions has attracted favorable attention in Aeolian and Carnegie halls, it has not established a reputation as a genuine theatrical attraction.

Last Sunday evening at the Selwyn Theatre fifty singers and players of the organization, billed as the Clef Club Bon Bon Buddies, made their debut as a Sunday concert attraction. Frederick M. Bryan served as conductor, while Deacon Johnson, James Hunt, George Hines, Tom Bethel, Ralph Jones,

Charles Waters and the Clef Club Quartet furnished specialties which called for encores.

The attendance Sunday night even surprised the promoters, as very little had been done to advertise the concert. The audience, composed in the main of white people, enthusiastically applauded the various numbers, and unprejudiced critics did not hesitate in saying that the Clef Club furnished a unique as well as entertaining program.

On the strength of last Sunday evening's success, arrangements have been made to present the Clef Club Bon Bon Buddies in Sunday night concerts at the Selwyn Theatre for the remainder of the season, the engagement to extend into May. At the second performance Frederic M. Bryan will conduct and W. C. Handy will direct several ensemble numbers of his own composition.

The following program was presented at the premiere:

PART I

1. "Clef Club March".....Full Orchestra
2. Rachmaninoff's "Prelude".....Full Orchestra
3. "Liza Jane".....Clef Club Singers
4. "Hindustan".....Full Orchestra
5. Songs.....James Hunt
6. Syncopated Drum Specialty.....George Hines
7. "Ecstasy D'Amour".....Full Orchestra
8. Songs.....Tom Bethel
9. "La Rumba".....Full Orchestra
10. "Midnight Jazz Dance".....Full Orchestra
11. Song Specialty.....Deacon Johnson
12. "Arabian Nights".....Full Orchestra

PART II

1. "Allies Triumph March".....Full Orchestra
2. "Mavolne Waltz".....Full Orchestra
3. "Dancing Deacon".....Full Orchestra
4. Violin Solo.....Ralph Jones
5. Songs.....Charles Waters
6. "Bealstreet Blues".....Full Orchestra
7. "Naila Ballet".....Full Orchestra
8. Southern Melodies.....Clef Club Quartet
9. "Cupid".....Full Orchestra
10. "Camp Meetin' Day".....Full Orchestra



DRUMMER HERBERT WRIGHT

Audience in Big Auditorium Is Swayed by Jazz Delirium When Jimmy Europe's Troupe Lets Go

No wonder the Germans were frightened! Brought up on the stately measures of Wagner or the delicate songs of Schumann, it is not difficult to understand why the poor Hun was scared to death when he heard Lieutenant Jimmie Europe and his jazz band urging the 388th Colored Infantry into action with every known noise in the world. Lieutenant Europe brought his band, fifty strong, to Convention Hall last night. Rochester in on these noises, which under his skillful baton became strangely musical.

To be sure, the band is purely and frankly a jazz band and makes little effort to enter the more select realm of music. Jazz music, however, has a warm place in the hearts of the so-called "typical American," and for that reason a whole evening devoted to the best of this jazz is an interesting experiment.

Nineteen Numbers and Encores

The program consisted of nineteen numbers and each of these had at least two or three encores. Lieutenant Europe and his musicians were having just about as good a time as the audience and that may have been the reason for the generous encores.

Lieutenant Europe and Lieutenant Noble Sissle, formerly drum major in the band, had an interesting act. Lieutenant Europe was at the piano, while Lieutenant Sissle sang several songs that both had composed. The first group was about certain young women, Angelina and Miranda by name, both of whom apparently had a corner on all the attractions in the world. The paean to Miranda had to be repeated three times. Then Lieutenant Sissle sang two songs that were written over in Europe, "On Patrol in No Man's Land" and "All of No Man's Land is Ours." The orchestra accompanied him with imitations of everything from the rattling machine gun to the sound of the gas alarm.

Who can sing the old plantation and darky songs like the negroes themselves? Time and time again last night the singing serenaders would pick up the melody of some selection and sing it through to its end. "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "The Old Folks at Home," revealed new beauties last night when this chorus sang them.

But it was the jazz that counted in the long run. The band didn't start right in with it, to be sure. The opening selection was the French National march, "Sambre et Meuse," played with vigor and spirit by the band without any leader. The program then announced "A High Brow Selection," "The Mill on the Cliff," by Reissiger. No sooner was this completed, however, than an invisible arm at the rear of the stage held up the encore sign. It started with a band, "How You Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm?" followed by "Ja Da." What they didn't do to Ja Da! Drums, sleigh bells, cymbals, xylophones, bones, rattles, then each one of the instruments separately, then the refrain sung once, and finally a wonderful exhibition in the course of which the bass violin player spun their instruments around at top

speed. And out in front staid and dignified men and women unconsciously began to shake their shoulders and sway to the rhythm of the piece.

The band will play in Convention Hall this afternoon and again this evening.

NEGRO MUSICIANS

FORM NAT'L ASS'N.

National Baptist
CHICAGO ENTERTAINS ARTISTS ROYALLY

Union Review
(Reciprocal News Service)

Chicago, Ill.—In the development and furtherance of his art, the Negro musician has ever been alert, active and persistent. But, the master stroke in this direction was made when nearly 200 of the most talented musicians of the race, representing every section of the country, met in Chicago, July 29th to August 2nd, and formed what is to be henceforth known as "THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NEGRO MUSICIANS."

To Clarence Cameron White, one of America's most renowned violin virtuosos, much be given the credit for having set in motion the agitation which culminated in this great organization of artists.

Despite the fact that Chicago, the convention city, was being shattered and torn by a raging mob or rioters, Tuesday morning, July 29th found in the auditorium of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. Building, a gathering of Negro disciples of the art Euterpean, which would have done credit to the men and women of any country or clime.

With a brevity that was indeed remarkable, the Temporary Chairman, Mr. Henry Grant of Washington, D. C., called the meeting to order and stated very concisely its objects, after which the Association soon struck "a business stride" which characterized its deliberations throughout the entire session.

One of the very interesting features of the opening session was the "Get acquainted Meeting," in which one was given an opportunity to make a brief but rather accurate study of the personnel of the men and women who made up the Association. Each of the persons present was required to stand, announce his or her name, place of residence and the line of musical activities pursued. Among the persons of note who participated in the opening sessions were Miss Alice C. Simmons, Instructor of Music, Tuskegee; Mr.

Kemper Harrold, Violinist, Teacher of Music, Atlanta University; Miss Adelaide Thornton, Supervisor of Music in Public Schools of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Sidney Woodard, Tenor, Teacher of Piano and Voice, New York City; Miss C. Mae Brooks, Supervisor of Music in Public Schools, Wilmington, Del.; Mme. Anita Patti Brown, Coloratura, Chicago; Miss Cleota Collins, Organist, Teacher of Music, New York City; Mr. Fred Work, Pianist and Teacher, Nashville, Tenn.; Mme. Bell Tyler, Soprano Soloist, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. Emma Collins Payne, Contralto, Kansas City, Mo.; Prof. H. B. P. Johnson, Director of Music, National Baptist Publishing Board, Nashville, Tenn.; Mme. Florence Cole-Talbert, Coloratura, Teacher of Piano and Voice, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Pauline J. Lee, Contralto, Director of Peagant, Chicago; "Deacon" Johnson, President of the "Clef Club," New York City; F. Solano Perdoma, Violin Teacher, Tampa, Fla., and many others, just as talented and just as renowned.

The object of this Association, as shown in its constitution, is (1) "To promote a closer fellowship, and to strive for the economic betterment of the Negro musician;" and (2) "To foster Negro Talent and to stimulate racial expression."

With this end in view, a "Scholarship Fund" was started, that the Association might be able to give substantial aid to deserving young men and women of the race, when and where ever it can so do.

It was unanimously decided that the first beneficiary fund is to be Miss Anderson, Philadelphia's marvelous contralto, who, through the efforts of Deacon Johnson, of New York City, was given an opportunity to appear before the Association.

While every session of the Association was highly interesting, the crowning event, however, was the "All Stars Concert" which was given in the Auditorium of the "Y" Friday morning, August 1st, for the benefit of the members of the Association and their friends. Never before, in all the history of our race, has so many real artists appeared on one program in a concert of any sort.

Mr. T. Theodore Taylor of Chicago, who had charge of the program, stated that the affair would be somewhat impromptu, and that each person called upon would announce his or her own selections. A very noticeable thing about the program was the complete tabouing of the regulation "stage costume," each participant being clad in regular business or street attire. The concert was opened by Miss Nannie Mae Strayhorn, Chicago, a pianist of very rare ability. The 2nd number was a tenor solo by Mr. Henry A. Ethridge of Chicago. He is one of the "young tenors" of whom the race may justly feel proud. 3rd, Mrs. Bell Tyler of Seattle, Washington, sang "All Love But a Day." This

which she did in true artistic style. The fourth number was a selection by Chicago's violin virtuoso, Mr. Harrison Emanuel, whose technique, both in fingering and bowing, showed him to be not only an artist, but a hard student of his chosen art. Then came Mr. Sidney Woodard, tenor, of New York City, who sang Harry Burleigh's "Jean." Miss Cleota Collins of New York City sang "The Gray Wolf" by Burleigh, in a style that showed her to be one of the most wonderful "Dramatic sopranos" that the race has produced. The eleventh number was a selection by Miss Anderson of Philadelphia, who is destined to rank with the foremost contraltos of the world. The closing number was by Mme. Florence Cole-Talbert, one of the most gifted coloratura singers of America.

At the close of the concert, Mrs. Lena Douglass-Holt of Chicago, gave \$50 to start the scholarship fund. This was followed by Miss Naomi Parks, daughter of Bishop Parks, who gave \$25. A number of persons donated \$10, \$5 and lesser amounts until about \$210 was raised.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in New York City. All persons who are interested in music are invited to join.

A REPORT OF THE ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NEGRO MUSICIANS Held in Chicago, Ill., July 29 to Aug. 2, 1919.

At the initial conference of Negro musicians and artists which was held in Washington, D. C., May 1-3, 1919, it was decided that the members of said organization would meet with the Chicago Music Association July 29-31 and form a national organization. Through the Chicago Music Association all musicians in America were duly notified that this meeting would be held in Chicago.

Because of the unsettled conditions in Chicago, many did not reach the city and a number who were already in town could not reach the place of meeting. However, in the Assembly Room of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday afternoon, July 29, at 2 o'clock the president of the Chicago Music Association, Mrs. Nora Douglass-Holt, presented the president of the initial conference, Henry L. Grant, of Washington, D. C. Owing to critical conditions the printer found it impossible to deliver the printed programs. After hearing a synopsis of the program for the session, it was decided to carry out the program as planned and substitute the names of members present for those who were absent. Prof. Pedro Tinsley, dean of Chicago Musicians, could not reach the place of meeting, so Mr. James A. Mundy of the Chicago organization was presented to deliver the welcome address, which he did in a most acceptable manner. Mr. Fred W. Johnson of New York City responded, thanking the members of the Chicago As-

sociation for their co-operation in our efforts for perfecting such an organization and their many courtesies extended the visiting members. After accepting the reports of the secretary and treasurer of the Initial Conference, the president of the Chicago Association was asked to briefly tell us of her work with Chicago musicians.

Remembering that the first important step in any organization is the formation of its constitution and by-laws, the president asked that the members make suggestions that would guide the Committee on Constitution and By-laws, which was as follows: Fred W. Johnson, Nora Douglass-Holt, Fred J. Work, J. A. Mundy and Alice C. Simmons.

One verse of "Blest be the tie that binds" closed our first session.

The president opened the second session of the meeting with song and prayer was offered by Sidney Woodard of New York.

Because of the difficulties of travel arising from the existing strike and riot, many of the participants on the program were not present. We therefore proceeded with a "Get Acquainted" meeting, in which the representatives from the various sections of the country told briefly just what they are doing in the profession of music. E. A. Jackson of Newark, N. J., and Walter Gassette of Chicago, organists, led in a discussion in regards to the relations of the organist and leader to minister and his congregation. It was agreed that if we could create or develop in the congregation a finer appreciation of the organ and hymn singing, we would then open up our only practical avenue for real and effective organ work.

With song and prayer we opened the third session of our meeting Wednesday at 2 o'clock, after which the report of the Constitution Committee was adopted by articles. Hence the name of said organization is The National Association of Negro Musicians, whose object is to foster Negro talent, labor for economic and educational betterment, meeting annually.

After fixing the membership fee at \$5.00 this session closed.

During the interval between morning and afternoon session nineteen persons identified themselves with the organization. The meeting was called to order at 2:15 by Temporary President Grant. Immediately the house proceeded to the election of officers. Henry L. Grant was nominated, after which Kemper Harrold took the chair and held it through the election of the following for offices of the association: Henry L. Grant, Washington, D. C., president; Mrs. Nora Douglass-Holt, Chicago, Ill., vice president; Alice Carter Simmons, Tuskegee Institute, Ala., secretary; Fred W. Johnson, New York, treasurer. The Board of Directors consisting of the officers and following members: Kemper Harrold, Atlanta, Ga.; Clarence White, Boston, Mass.; H. B. P. Johnson

Nashville, Tenn.; T. Theodore Taylor, Chicago, Ill.; Carl Diton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sidney Woodward, of New York City, acted in the chair during the installation of officers and Board of Directors, who in their turn pledged themselves to put forth their very best effort for the success of this newly-formed association.

President Grant, with his same staff of officers, resumed his place and suggested that the association proceed with the program.

The next topic for discussion was "My Experience as Teacher and Artist," which was opened by Miss Cleota Collins Lacey, N. Y. Many fine suggestions were offered by Messrs. Kemper Harrold, Sidney Woodward and others out of which grew the idea of establishing a Teachers' Bureau and to make an effort to placing good teachers in all schools in order that the very best results might be obtained in the music department and that the students in all schools might receive proper training. Plans were to bring about an effort to urge the superintendents of education to place Negro supervisors of music in Negro public schools.

Mme. Florence Cole-Talbert was asked to open the discussion on "How We Can Improve Travelling Conditions for the Itinerant Artist." She briefly told that her experience was that we lacked publicity, promoters, accompanists and funds for the artists visiting schools, etc.

Other topics brought up were "The Development of Sunday School Music and Importance of Having the Younger students of music begin the study of theory. Owing to the importance of some topics that had not been discussed, it was decided to extend the meeting through August the 1st.

All social functions having been suspended and in view of the fact that a few of our artists were not able to attend the meetings, the morning session was turned over to Mr. T. Theo. Taylor who, in an informal way, presented the following: Nannie Mae Strayhorn, Henry A. Ethridge, Belle Salter Tyler, Harrison Emanuel, Emma Collins Payne, Dimple Robinson, Antoinette Ganes, Sidney Woodward, Cleota Collins Lacey, Marion Anderson and Florence Cole Talbert. Marion Anderson, a young student of Philadelphia, possesses a contralto voice of rare quality and at the close of the program a wave swept over the house which created a scholarship fund. Marion Anderson receives first consideration. Those who subscribed are Nora Douglass-Holt, Henry L. Grant, George McClellan, Naomi Parks, E. A. Jackson, Chas. Carey, A. D. Turner, J. D. Killingsworth, Mary Oddrick, Henry A. Ethridge, Benj. Hyde, Myrtle A. Burgess and Abbie Williams.

In the afternoon session, Aug. 1st, the subject, "Use of Negro Music in Negro Schools" was discussed at length and numerous interesting and encouraging things to the musician

were brought out under this subject. Credits for music study is in its infancy, but with unlimited effort we are sure in due time as much attention will be given to music in the schools as is given any other important subject.

A number of persons represented their local organizations. The duty of such an organization in its community was the next topic before the house. The reports from Seattle, Wash., New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Mich., Pittsburg, Pa., Louisville, Ky., Wilmington, Del., and Tuskegee Institute, Ala., demonstrated that some of us are wide awake along this particular line of musical endeavor. We hope for local organizations all over the country. Let's get together and raise the standard of musical ideas in our communities.

With a rising vote of thanks to the Chicago Music Association, we adjourned to meet July 27, 28 and 29, 1920, in New York City.

Henry Grant, Washington, D. C., President.

Alice C. Simmons, Tuskegee, Ala., Secretary.

N



The funeral procession for Lieut. Jimmy Europe, the jazz king and leader of the 369th Infantry band in France, who was killed by a member of the band in Boston. It was the biggest colored funeral New York has ever seen.

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An American Opera.

JULY 12, 1919

That soon there will be written a great American opera by an American composer is the belief of Pietro Mascagni, the Italian artist. This expression of confidence in our musical attainment will be highly pleasing to hundred per cent Americans who have come to realize that what is most needed for development of our cultural life is confidence. The disrepute which fell during the war upon certain foreign musicians who had been established here in leadership brought into focus the need for independence in this as in politics, commerce and other activities. We have come to realize the advantage of establishing "made in America" as a mark of quality in art as well as in business.

The optimism of Signor Mascagni will arouse speculation as to what will be the distinguishing marks of this great American opera. "It will reflect the life of America," he says. "I feel that it will be built up out of the music of America, music which is so popular there. The strains which take the popular ear will repeat themselves in this new work I am expecting. It will be an expression of America in all her social, economic and artistic life." It is a big contract he is assigning to musicians of the United States. When one recalls the seeming futility of our writers to produce "the great American novel" and that literature has advanced faster than music as an American institution, there is apt to be despair of reaching the goal. Great works are indeed impossible in music for our composers, but an "expression of America in all her social, economic and artistic life" will indeed be an accomplishment.

What Signor Mascagni expects to constitute the American opera, the cables from Rome imperfectly reveal. He thinks the "music of the Negroes" will have its part and even ragtime will influence the production. Whereupon the classicists will draw their brows in scorn! There is no reference in the interview attributed to the maestro to our Indian lyrics, but certainly he cannot be insensible to the influence they have already exerted upon our composers. There is an abundance of material here waiting the magic touch of the master.

In the meantime there is need for Americanizing of our musical appreciation that when our National opera is written we shall be proud of its independence from foreign influence or pretense. We owe gratitude to Signor Mascagni for pointing out the futility of our favorite affectation.

ST JOSEPH MO PRESS
MAY 14, 1919

NEGRO POET IN PROGRAM.

Charles D. Clem, Considered the Equal of the Late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, at St. Luke's Church.

Professor Charles D. Clem, the world's greatest living negro poet, considered by some literary critics equal to the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, will appear in a recital interpreting his own productions, interspersed with musical numbers by some of the best local negro talent, 8:30 p. m., Thursday, at St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, Nineteenth and Avenue B streets. The public is invited.

TANNER AND BRAITHWAITE

The recent publication of William Stanley Braithwaite's Annual anthology of American Poetry has caused again that foremost literary authority to come into the limelight of discussion. The post-war revival of art has caused widespread comparison of the most recent painters with those of the older American school, and the name of Henry O. Tanner is always mentioned. It is perhaps safe to say that nine-tenths of the American people do not know that their foremost men in the respective fields of literary criticism and of art are men of African blood. If they were so acquainted there would be manifold the effort that is at present made to suppress their reputation and belittle their prestige. If all the colored citizens of this country knew the pre-eminence of Braithwaite and Tanner, just as they know, for example, the regnant position of Bert Williams in American comedy, they would lift their heads just a little higher than they now carry them. These are the things we urge colored fathers and mothers to tell their children. Tell them of the poverty and obscurity of these two distinguished Americans when they were children, just like scores of other famous black Americans, like Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington; tell them how they struggled to secure education, how they persevered, how they sacrificed, how they were discouraged, both by the white race and misguided members of their race, how after surviving the pinches of poverty and want and had made their first success, they continued to work and rise step by step upon theadder of fame and fortune. Tell them that they, too, like Alexander Dumas (both father and son), that when they realized they were black, they have acted as though they were white and have thus forced the civilized world to look beneath their skin. Tell them that Alexander Pushkin, the foremost of Russian poets, was a black man; that General Dodds, the late great French General who led all the Allied forces in the Boxer uprising in China, was a black man. Tell them that the world's history is studded with great black men, who have served mankind and risen to greatness. Tell your children they, too, can rise in the world if they are willing to pay the price; that that price is nothing more or less than worth and work. Tell them that no man is superior to any other man except as he is superior morally and mentally; that this superiority is as possible for a black man as a white man. We urge all those who come in contact with colored children to hold up to them such present-day potent examples as Braithwaite and Tanner.

THE REAL HIKE.
By Sgt. Leonard H. Hanson,
Co. H, 815th Pioneer Inf. Reg.
We have heard of Walker Weston,
For he was the demon of the road,
But he would have never made a record
Had he pulled a heavy load.
Now I am an honest, faithful soldier,
They may call me Rookie Jack,
But I'd like to see the old boy's record
With a pack upon his back.

We have heard of General Sherman
And his march down to the sea,
I am sure his men were weary

Just as tired as they could be.
But Sherman's men were little burdened,
For they marched in perfect line,
For there is no use to pack men heavy
In the Land of Summer Time.
Hike and pike are close related;
I will tell you why I know:
I hiked all the way from a camp called Merritt,
Down the pike to the Alpine shore.
A hardened soldier would forget it,
Should he take a stroll like that,
But that was the first time I had hustled
With a real pack upon my back.

When your bumble bumps against you
And you curse and stumble on,
When your feet are two stone bruises,
How you will wish you were at home.
When weak men fall along the way-side,
Like battle fields with dead are strewn;
When strong and sturdy are barely moving,
Bowed down, but traveling on.

When your eyes play mean tricks on you,
Floating pork-chops you can see;
When you find your canteen empty,
When you tremble at the knee,
The old-timers don't think it funny,
And you may call it what you like,
But the Army knows that I'm not joking
When I call it "The Real Hike."

The following letter was received from H. K. Perry of 1013 Michigan avenue:
Kansas City Sun.

Dear Editor:
I have read with much concern your publication in The Sun of the 12th inst. under the heading "Local JJim Crowism" and I adopt this method of expressing to you my highest approval of the stand you have taken in defense of our people and I sincerely hope that the ministers and other professional men and women of our race will give you their earnest support in denouncing and resenting such insults that are being heaped upon our people, and as for myself, I assure you I will not enter the Ten Cent Store in question.

Respectfully,
H. K. PERRY.

**EUROPE'S NEGRO JAZZ
BAND MAKES BIG HIT
BUFFALO N.Y. NEWS
APRIL 11, 1919
Jazzations of Rachmaninoff's
Classic Proves Sensation
of Evening's Concert.**

Buffalo will again have opportunity of hearing Lieutenant James Reese Europe and the 369th United States Infantry band today. They will play at the Elmwood Music hall this afternoon and evening. The audiences which heard this unique musical organization in yesterday's concerts will be the best advertisement today's performances could have. That there has been no better musical entertainment in Buffalo in many seasons seemed to be the general opinion among the hearers last night, to judge from the applause and enthusiasm with which the program was received.

What the song used to say about Alexander's ragtime band being the best band in the land applies as far as jazz is concerned, to Jim Europe's "Hell Fighters." Their concert has the merit of novelty, but it is by no means dependent on the grotesque and bizarre. It is regarded as one of the best bands in this country along conventional lines.

But it is the jazz that makes it distinctive. How those boys do play! Slouchy supersyncopations, strange tones from squealing saxophones slide trombone "blues," the muted cornet, exotic rhythms and barbaric chords—these are the elements which the musicians have used in developing their musical novelty.

Down in New Orleans a blind newsboy nicknamed "Stale Bread" first got the tones of the "blues" and hesitations on a violin and later appeared in what was called a spasm band, 'tis said, and from that humble beginning Lieutenant Europe and his musicians have created a jazz technique that commands the respect even of the highbrows who love music as an Art, with a capital A.

A big number on last evening's program was the jazzation of Rachmaninoff's prelude in C sharp minor. The jazzation is known as "The Russian Rag." It is a grotesque structure that has been built on the foundation of the famous selection, and it aroused hearty response from the audience.

The individual artists in the band add variety to the program with song numbers, and instrumental selections. Leonard Jeter, violinist, and Felix Weir, cellist, with Lieutenant Europe at the piano, played a duet arrangement of negro melodies called "Negro Spirituals."

Creighton Thompson, known as the "melody man," is the possessor of a rich bass voice, and he was heard in solo numbers and with the "singing serenaders"—Messrs. Gibbs, Bumpford, Zabriske, Smith, Whitney, Viney, Lee and Payne.

Steve and Herbert Wright do some surprising things with the drums. Al Johns presents a pleasing pianologue. A saxophone sextette is composed of Messrs. Gonzales, Williams, Green, Ayala Jones, Carter and Hernandez.

Lieutenant Noble Sissle, formerly drum major of the band, sang several songs, accompanied by Lieutenant Europe at the piano.

As a leader, Lieutenant Europe is one of the snappiest and peppiest in the country. He injects his own dash and spirit into the playing of the organization.

**JIM EUROPE'S BAND
SCORES GREAT HIT
MARCH 12, 1919
Concert at Manhattan Opera
House Pleases Audience
Immensely.**

Many people who went to the Manhattan Opera House last night—most of them, perhaps—never had heard a real band in their lives. They just thought they had. But as they wended their way homeward with the jazzing echoes of Jim Europe's "Hell Fighters" still titillating their eardrums they understood the difference between musical pink lemonades and gin fizzes.

When the 369th United States Infantry Hell Fighters Band takes the road this morning to follow Dr. Dexter Fellowes of Fitchburg, Mass., publicity professor emeritus of Barnum & Bailey's, in a tour of the provinces it can safely be ventured that they will accumulate cash and credit. There's probably nothing on top of the earth in the form of a musical aggregation quite so jolly as this brass and string outfit that did its part in chasing the Germans over the Rhine. They are more than a band, they are a complete circus.

They say that when fat little Herb Wright of the two snare drumming Wrights called the "Percussion Twins" lambasted his tomtom in front of Col. Bill Hayward's headquarters the Colonel just laughed and laughed and laughed. Certainly that's what the Manhattan Opera House audience did last night when Herbert and his brother, Steve, varied the entertainment with a bliff bang bombardment. Herb, the fat one, had embarrassment giggles and the house rocked with merriment at this negro boy's foolishness.

It was much more than a band concert that the Addison Amusement Company, Inc., presented last night on the eve of an Eastern tour for Lieut. James Reese Europe and the world famous army band. There was a flood of good music, a gorgeous racket of syncopation and jazzing, extraordinarily pleasing violin and cornet solos and many other features that bands seldom offer; but there was more than that. The audience enjoyed a spice of oldtime minstrelsy, a whiff of warm, gay fun from the old South echoes of camp meetings and of the traditional darkey life that seems almost to have disappeared.

In intervals between Lieut. Europe's direction of this perfectly welded band quartets and octets sang with utter enjoyment the fantastic negro ditties that are so familiar to negro camp meetings in the South and are so little known in the North—tone pictures of the gayety with which the colored brother takes his religion.

Probably those songs about "Little David" and "Old Uncle Noah Who Built de Ark" were the most pleasing features of the entertainment.

At the outset, under Europe's firm hand, the band rendered the French national march "Sambre et Meuse," followed it with the tempestuously applauded "Plantation Echoes," passed to suites of the Western world and then launched into a medley of jazz tunes.

All the old favorites were played and played with unfamiliar charm—"Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Dixie" among them. Europe closed his programme with Sabata's "Los Banderillos," a saxophone sextet, "Echoes From Broadway" and with an ear splitting crash of jazz music that caused the audience to explode cheering and laughter.

I Am an American

BOSTON, MASS. TRANSCRIPT
JULY 29, 1919



CIVIS AMERICANUS SUM

Civis Americanus Sum

Bust of a Negro Child Favorably Commented on in Art Circles and by Negroes.
Done by Paolo S. Abbate, an Italian Sculptor Residing in New York

(Photograph by International Film Service)



Photo by Press Illustrating Service

AMERICAN NEGRO MUSICIANS NEAR THE BATTLE FRONT

Just as the Negro soldier has given proof of his valor in the great war so has the Negro musician contributed a conspicuous part in the work of the American army abroad. The photograph shows Lieut. Europe, so well remembered by New Yorkers, and his band entertaining convalescent American soldiers on the old race track at Auteuil, where the American Red Cross put up a tent hospital. The picture was taken late in September

THE GLOBE

JANUARY 2, 1919

ART AND ARTISTS.

The William H. Payne collection of American paintings, on public exhibition at the American Art Galleries prior to dispersal at auction in the Plaza ballroom next Monday evening, is of considerable importance. Mr. Payne was a New York merchant and a member of the art committee of the Union League Club, acting as its chairman in 1887. As a sincere lover of art he began collecting early in the '80's, purchasing his pictures from the artists' studios as well as the galleries. The majority of his canvases are by National Academicians or associates of the National Academy, and include some very desirable Blakelocks, Wyants, Tryons, and Murphys. Among the latter are a distinguished water color and an early oil, a glowing sunset effect quite dissimilar in color and treatment to the Murphys of to-day. By Inness there are "Summer Storm" and a superb Italian sunset, viewed from a point on the Tiber near the Villa Borghese.

The buildings of the Vatican are seen and, against the glowing sky the dome of St. Peter's is silhouetted. In the foreground a broad bank slopes down to the river, on which a man guides a cargo boat while his companion attends to a fire he has built on deck. The theme is rendered with simplicity and charm, enhanced by resonant color. There are some pleasing, direct little oils by Chase, some early Carlsens, a strong Venetian subject by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, typical Negro subjects by A. Kappes, two characteristic Eastman Johnsons (one a self portrait), an im-

portant Bolton Jones, an exceptionally pleasing Curran—a child gathering goldenrod in a sunlit meadow on the edge of a pine forest; an F. S. Church, an Alexander Harrison, an E. L. Henry, interiors by L. Moeller, an F. W. Peck, etc. There is a beautiful Winslow Homer water color of a Gloucester fisherman wading with his rolled-up net on his shoulders. The Hudson River school men are well represented, particularly Asher H. Durand, Frederick E. Church, and Samuel Coleman. Good examples of the work of R. Swain Gifford and contemporaries before mentioned represent later developments.

To-morrow and Saturday afternoons the Ernest Schernikow collection of Chinese art will be sold at the Anderson Galleries, where it is now on public exhibition. Mr. Schernikow was for twenty years consular representative of oriental countries, and has ever been deeply interested in the art of the Far East. He is a life member of our Museum of Natural History. The collection comprises a great variety of rare porcelains, bronzes, enamels, jade carvings, and objects of amethyst and crystal. There are also interesting screens and a Manchurian sable mandarin coat.

The official exhibition of Persian art from the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be shown at Knoedler's from the 4th to the 28th inclusive, under the auspices of the Official Persian Commission, and the proceeds of sales will be devoted by the owners to relief work in Persia.
H. C. N.

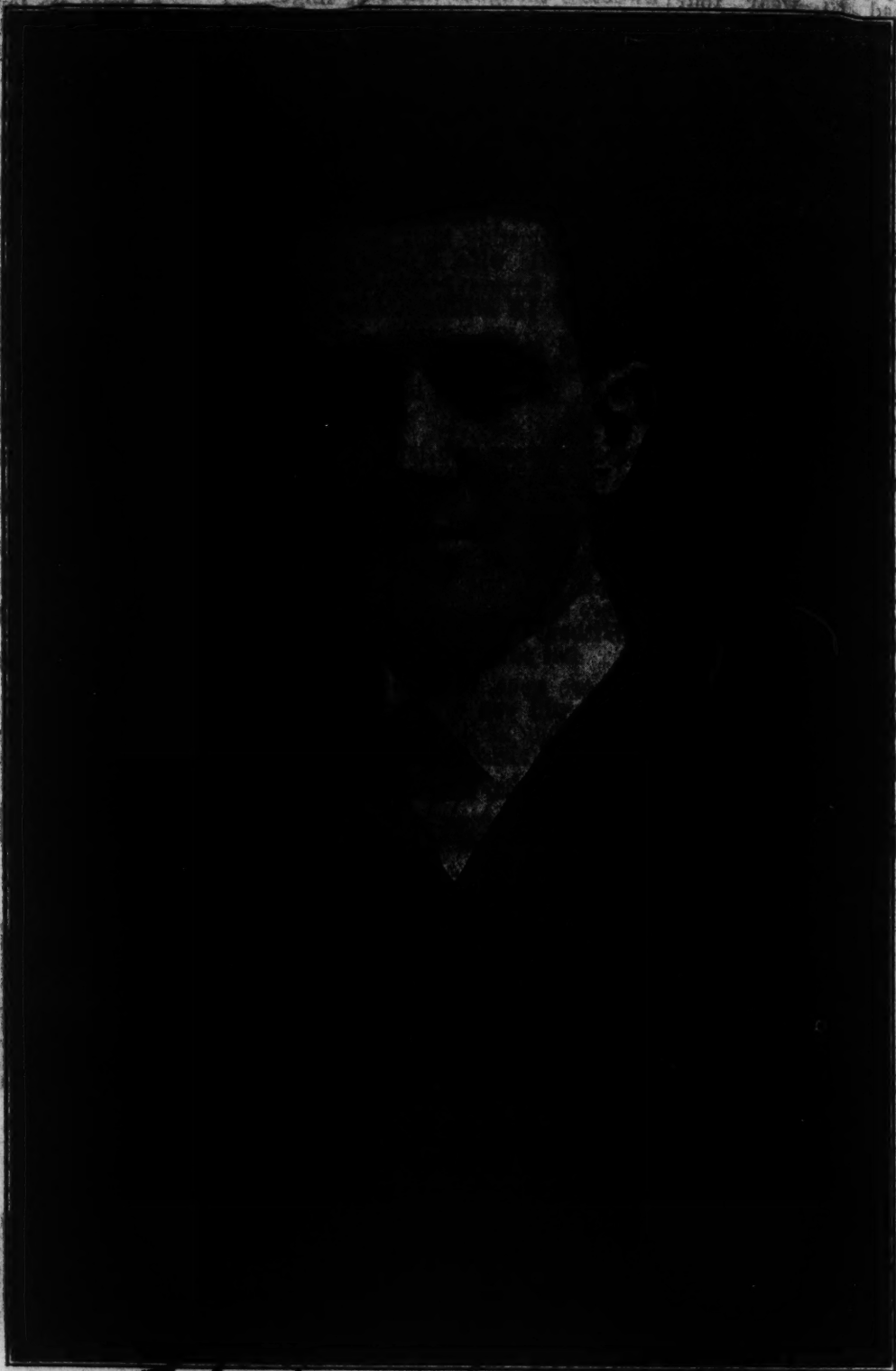
To the White Fiends

BY CLAUDE MCKAY

Think you I am not fiend and savage,
too? *The Independent*
Think you I could not arm me with
a gun *9-27-19*
And shoot down ten of you for every
one
Of my black brothers murdered, burnt
by you?
Be not deceived, for every deed you do
I could match—out-match: am I not
Africa's son,
Black of that black land where black
deeds are done?

But the Almighty from the darkness
drew
My soul and said: Even thou shalt be
a light.
Awhile to burn on this benighted earth,
Thy dusky face I set among the white
For thee to prove thyself of highest
worth;
Before the world is swallowed up in
night,
To show thy little lamp; go forth, go
forth!

WILL APPEAR IN NORFOLK



R. D. Carlton Dorsey, violinist, and Alexander Brachocki (pronounced Brahotsky), pianist, will appear in Norfolk, Tuesday, December 30th, in joint recital, at 8 p. m.

Mr. Dorsey is a graduate of the Scranton Conservatory of Music, The Tohman Violin School and Howard University Conservatory of Music, and has studied under such celebrated artists as Joseph H. Douglas, Arnold Lohman and Theo. Banre, and is at present a protege of Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Brachocki is one of the only three persons the great Paderwski has ever been known to take under his tutelage. The other two being Mme.

Zumowska Stojowski and Ernest Schelling, all of whom are now celebrated artists of international fame.

Norfolk is to be congratulated upon securing the services of accomplished musicians as Mr. Dorsey and Mr. Brachocki at a time when the winter music season is at its height and music lovers of every large city in the country are clamoring for and offering most fabulous prices for high class recitals of the type these gentlemen offer.

Place of appearance will be announced later. Watch for placards and circulars.



Great Musician Stabbed To Death In Boston By One Of His Drummers

The Daily News

(United Press.)

Boston, Mass., May 10. "Jim,"

Europe is dead. The black master of syncopation, sometimes known as "King of Jazz" whose ragtime band made the feet of royalty misbehave and almost caused Foch to hitch-koo was stabbed by one of his own drummers last night.

Europe's band was giving a concert here. The audience jammed the house to the rafters, and sat enthralled by the spell of Europe's shimmy-shivering melody during a song number. In the midst of all that, while Europe—feeling slightly ill—was sitting behind the scenes, he was stabbed in the neck and died shortly afterward. Herbert Wright, a drummer, was arrested, being accused of doing the stabbing, when Europe reprimanded him for disobeying orders.

Lieutenant James Europe was leader of the 369th Infantry Band—the "Hell Fighters." It was he who introduced real tickle foot ragtime overseas, astonishing the foreigners; and it was claimed his jazz helped win the Argonne Forest victory.

James Europe and his Negro musicians were known throughout the Allied armies and were just starting on a concert tour of the world.

Chicago as a Music Center

By Nora Douglas Holt

Through efforts of the Chicago Music Association, Chicago will have the distinction of being hostess to the first convention of Negro artists and musicians completely formed.

They will be in session July 19, 20 and 31st at the Y. M. C. A., with a recital extraordinaire at Grace Presbyterian church, 36th and Vincennes, Wednesday evening, July 20, 8:15, at which concert twelve national artists will appear, the first time this number of prominent musicians have been presented on one program. Tickets on sale at the "Y," Coleridge Taylor School of Music, 36th and State, and by members of the local.

The personnel includes: Mme. Florence Cole Talbert, coloratura, Detroit, Mich.; Mme. Belle Salter-Tyler, soprano, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Cleota Collins, soprano, New York; Miss Marion Anderson, contralto, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Emma Payne Collins, mezzo soprano, Kansas City; Miss Dimple Robinson, soprano, Hinsdale, Mich.; Clarence White, violinist, Boston; Carl Diton, composer, Philadelphia; Melville Charlton, organist, Brooklyn; R. Nathaniel Dett, composer, Hampton; Roland Hayes, tenor, Boston, and Clyde Glass, pianist, Kansas City.

Mrs. Cornelia Lampton Forest, a pupil of Percy Granger at the Chicago Musical College, played "The Magic Fire" from "Die Walkure," by Wagner, on last Saturday morning's program. She has a remarkable technic and displays assurance and control acquired by a certainty of musical understanding which seems a fixed part of all Oberlin students. She was recalled three times.

Famous Teacher Will Attend

Miss Alice Carter Simmons, each of music at Tuskegee, niece of Mrs. Booker T. Washington and sister of Col. Roscoe Simmons, will be in the city the latter part of July to attend the music convention. She is secretary of the temporary organization which met in Washington in May and while in the city will be the house guest of Mrs. Geo. Holt, 4405 Prairie avenue.

At the Music Supervisors' Conference held in St. Louis in April, there were only three Negroes present out of a total enrollment of more than 600 supervisors and teachers of music from leading schools and colleges of America. The colored representatives present were Mrs. L. C. Clark, of Muskogee, Okla.; Professor Gerald Tyler, of St. Louis, Mo., and Professor J. C. Cooper, of Evanston, Ill. The conference was held in the ballroom of the Statler Hotel, and all the delegates received most courteous treatment. One

evening the program was devoted to the study of Negro music. The program was arranged by Professor Tyler, and included a paper on Negro Music by Professor John W. Work, of Fisk University, illustrated by selections from the famous Fisk Jubilee Quartet;

Music, Poetry and Art-1919.

A NEGRO EXPLAINS "JAZZ"

Literary Digest

4-20-19

THE LATEST INTERNATIONAL WORD seems to be "jazz." It is used almost exclusively in British papers to describe the kind of music and dancing—particularly dancing—imported from America, thereby arousing discussions, in which bishops do not disdain to participate, to fill all the papers. While society once "ragged," they now "jazz." In this country, tho' we have been tolerably familiar with the word for two years or more, we still try to pursue its mysterious origins. Lieut. James Reese Europe, late of the Machine-Gun Battalion of the 15th Regiment, tells Mr. Grenville Vernon, of the New York *Tribune*, that the word comes from Mr. Razz, who led a band in New Orleans some fifteen years ago and whose fame is perpetuated in a somewhat modified form. Besides the information we supply here, another statement about Mr. Razz's band from a New Orleans paper may be seen on page 47, to which the reader is referred. Lieutenant Europe says:

"I believe that the term 'jazz' originated with a band of four pieces which was found about fifteen years ago in New Orleans, and which was known as 'Razz's Band.' This band was of truly extraordinary composition. It consisted of a barytone horn, a trombone, a cornet, and an instrument made out of the china-berry-tree. This instrument is something like a clarinet, and is made by the Southern negroes themselves. Strange to say, it can be used only while the sap is in the wood, and after a few weeks' use has to be thrown away. It produces a beautiful sound and is worthy of inclusion in any band or orchestra. I myself intend to employ it soon in my band. The four musicians of Razz's Band had no idea at all of what they were playing; they improvised as they went along, but such was their innate sense of rhythm that they produced something which was very taking. From the small cafés of New Orleans they graduated to the St. Charles Hotel, and after a time to the Winter Garden, in New York, where they appeared, however, only a few days, the individual musicians being grabbed up by various orchestras in the city. Somehow in the passage of time Razz's Band got changed into 'Jazz's Band,' and from this corruption arose the term 'jazz.'

"The negro loves anything that is peculiar in music, and this 'jazzing' appeals to him strongly. It is accomplished in several ways. With the brass instruments we put in mutes and make a whirling motion with the tongue, at the same time blowing full pressure. With wind instruments we pinch the mouthpiece and blow hard. This produces the peculiar sound which you all know. To us it is not discordant, as we play the music as it is written, only that we accent strongly in this manner the notes which originally would be without accent. It is natural for us to do this; it is, indeed, a racial musical characteristic. I have to call a daily rehearsal of my band to prevent the musicians from adding to their music more than I wish them to. Whenever possible they all embroider their parts in order to produce new, peculiar sounds. Some of these effects are excellent and some are not, and I have to be continually on the lookout to cut out the results of my musicians' originality."

The news from Paris is so filled with weightier matters and the French papers are so much less loquacious than our Anglo-Saxon ones on the lighter sides of life that, until the Lieutenant speaks, we haven't heard of the impression jazz has made on the French:

"I recall one incident in particular. From last February to last August I had been in the trenches, in command of my machine-gun squad. I had been through the terrific general attack in Champagne when General Gouraud annihilated the enemy by his strat-

egy and finally put an end to their hopes of victory, and I had been through many a smaller engagement. I can tell you that music was one of the things furthest from my mind when one day, just before the Allied Conference in Paris, on August 18, Colonel Hayward came to me and said:

"Lieutenant Europe, I want you to go back to your band and give a single concert in Paris."

"I protested, telling him that I hadn't led the band since February, but he insisted. Well, I went back to my band, and with it I went to Paris. What was to be our only concert was in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. Before we had played two numbers the audience went wild. We had conquered Paris. General Bliss and French high officers who had heard us insisted that we should stay in Paris, and there we stayed for eight weeks. Everywhere we gave a concert it was a riot, but the supreme moment came in the Tuileries Gardens when we gave a concert in conjunction with the greatest bands in the world—the British Grenadiers' Band, the band of the Garde Républicain, and the Royal Italian Band. My band, of course, could not compare with any of these, yet the crowd, and it was such a crowd as I never saw anywhere else in the world, deserted them for us. We played to 50,000 people at least, and, had we wished it, we might be playing yet."

"After the concert was over the leader of the band of the Garde Républicain came over and asked me for the score of one of the jazz compositions we had played. He said he wanted his band to play it. I gave it to him, and the next day he again came to see me. He explained that he couldn't seem to get the effects I got, and asked me to go to a rehearsal. I went with him. The great band played the composition superbly—but he was right: the jazz effects were missing. I took an instrument and showed him how it could be done, and he told me that his own musicians felt sure that my band had used special instruments. Indeed, some of them, afterward attending one of my rehearsals, did not believe what I had said until after they had examined the instruments used by my men."

It is the feeling of this musician, who, indeed, before the war supplied most of the music in New York dancing circles, that a higher plane in music may be attained by negroes if they stick to their own form. He concludes:

"I have come back from France more firmly convinced than ever that negroes should write negro music. We have our own racial feeling and if we try to copy whites we will make bad copies. I noticed that the Morocco negro bands played music which had an affinity to ours. One piece, 'In Zanzibar,' I took for my band, and tho white audiences seem to find it too discordant, I found it most sympathetic. We won France by playing music which was ours and not a pale imitation of others, and if we are to develop in America we must develop along our own lines. Our musicians do their best work when using negro material. Will Marion Cook, William Tires, even Harry Burleigh and Coleridge-Taylor are not truly themselves in the music which expresses their race. Mr. Tires, for instance, writes charming waltzes, but the best of these have in them negro influences. The music of our race springs from the soil, and this is true to-day with no other race, except possibly the Russians, and it is because of this that I and all my musicians have come to love Russian music. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, it is the only music I care for outside of negro."

The Lieutenant then tells how he formed his band.

"When war broke out I enlisted as a private in Colonel Hayward's regiment, and I had just passed my officer's examination when the Colonel asked me to form a band. I told him that it would be impossible, as the negro musicians of New York were paid too well to have them give up their jobs to go to war. However,

Colonel Hayward raised \$10,000 and told me to get the musicians wherever I could get them. The reed-players I got in Porto Rico, the rest from all over the country. I had only one New York negro in the band—my solo cornetist. These are the men who now compose the band, and they are all fighters as well as musicians, for all have seen service in the trenches."

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LIEUT. JIM EUROPE AND FAMOUS BAND RECORD JAZZ EXCLUSIVELY FOR PATHE

W Y C MUSIC TRADES

APRIL 26, 1919

"Hell Fighters" who made nerve-bracing American Jazz the Popular Music "Over There"
Engaged by Pathé Frères Phonograph Co. After Concert Tour

Jim Europe, erstwhile conductor of New York's favorite dance orchestra, is now the leader of America's most famous band. He went to the front, cheered the boys "over the top," and made American "Jazz" the favorite music of France. He has now returned to make a concert tour of the country and to make records exclusively for Pathé. Direct from the fighting front in France; safe through the battles of Champagne and the Argonne Forest, Jim Europe and his famous "Hell Fighters" are home again.

This is the band that put new courage and gladness into the hearts of our soldiers "over there" and the fear of God into the heart of the Hun, when their strange syncopation floated over No Man's Land right into the trenches of the enemy. Jim Europe's band followed the boys wherever they went, "up the line," back into the liberated French villages and down into the rest camp at Aix les Bains. They were constantly in demand and their music played no small part in keeping up the morale of our great army.

After the war tide turned, Europe was ordered to take his band up to Paris. This city was slowly but surely shaking off the effects of her four long years of worry and anxiety, and Europe's jazzers at once became the rage, and received perfect ovation wherever they appeared. Jim Europe led this band at the great War Congress of Women in Paris and gave public concerts in friendly rivalry with the famous Garde Republicaine and the crack regimental bands of both British and the Italian armies.

The concert tour of this wonderful jazz band is a tremendous triumph. They are playing to packed houses every matinee and evening, in many cities from Maine to California. The Pathé Frères Phonograph Co. is very fortunate in having secured Jim Europe's "Hell Fighters" Band, with all its soloists, to make records exclusively for them. A number of these jazz novelties and popular vocal instrumental hits will be released this month.

W Y C WORLD

JANUARY 31, 1919

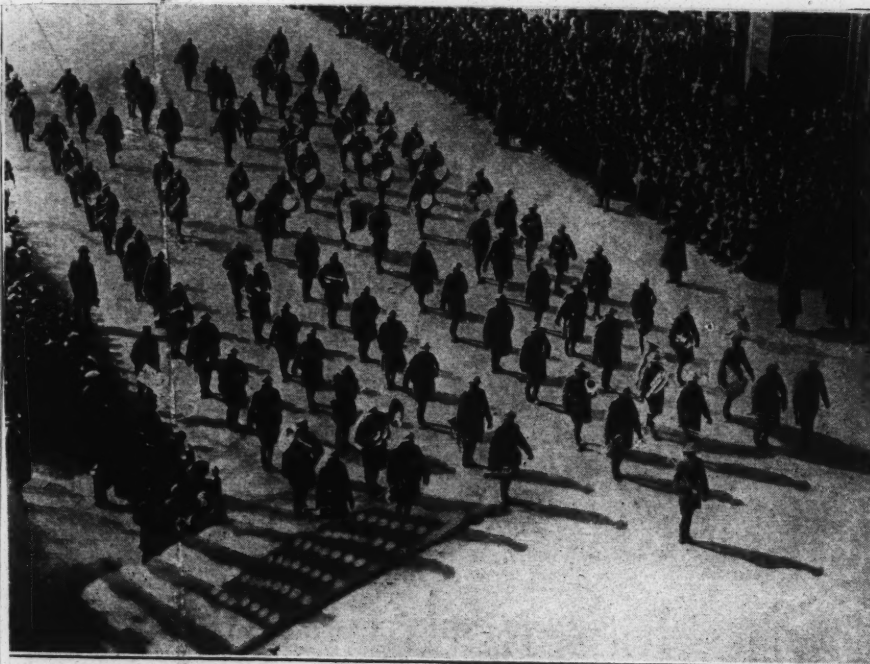
NEGRO TENOR'S RECITAL

Roland W. Hayes Discloses Good Voice, Fairly Well Delivered.

Roland W. Hayes, a negro tenor, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall to an interested audience. Mr. Hayes was born in Georgia, was educated at Fisk University and received his vocal training in Boston. He has been heard in most parts of the country.

He disclosed last evening a good voice, soft and musical in the middle register and always agreeable when he employed it moderately. When he tries to put vigor into it, however, he has a faculty of tightening it, resulting in hard and unmusical tones.

He sang with much expression and feeling, and showed good musical and interpretative knowledge.



Jim Europe and His Band of "Hell Fighters" on Parade

CHICAGO CITY POST

APRIL 30, 1919

"ILLINOIS"

Have you heard one of those Negro brass bands playing "Illinois" on its march thru the Loop on the "V" loan drive? If not, you have missed something. They take that tattered cheapling of a tune, that trivial "Baby Mine," and make it into a sonorous, swinging march that sets your feet to tapping and your heart to tingling. There is a "carry" from bar to bar, a solid flowing rhythm, that makes the piece a far different thing from the ragged tump-tump of the average white band. Perhaps it is the natural musical genius of their race that does it. Perhaps it is a transformation wrought by the war. Certainly, many of our "Black Hawks" report that the tune they marched to in Europe was "Illinois," and that they came back with a real love for it. Had they ever gone down thru the state and seen our farmers stand hat in hand and tear in eye as the "state anthem" was sung, they would long ago have got something of their present feeling for the song.

BY J. M. ALLISON, TIMES-STAR BUREAU, 212 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH ST., NEW YORK.
CINCINNATI O TIMES STAR

AUGUST 6, 1918

ROSAMOND JOHNSON, THE NEGRO COMPOSER, HAS ENCOUNTERED no color line in the field of artistic achievement. His works rank according to their merits among those of modern composers. Yet he is no agitator for the specific and universal equal rights of the black man, which he believes are, for irremovable causes, practically unattainable. "Our people are fighting wind-mills," he said to a colored audience in this city, "when they might be moving in an effective and orderly way to a desired and desirable end. Why should we be stirring sectional prejudice in the useless aspiration for technical social equality when the great opportunity to achieve real political and civil equality is now before us. In the South our people are still practically a subject race, solely through the organized and habitual unobservance of the Fourteenth amendment. That amendment in effect extended the civil liberty of the citizens of America. It is ignored because no organized effort brings to its support the joint influence of the fair-minded white men of the North and the disfranchised black men of the South. Yet, the very men who systematically disfranchise our brothers of the South are the leaders in the movement of hysteria and intemperate zeal, spurring on the enforcement of the last amendment to the constitution, which absurdly and illogically curtails the personal liberty of the American citizen. The psychological time is here for a real movement to enforce the Fourteenth amendment and give our people the representation in the popular vote and in the electoral college which the vast majority of white Americans wish them to have and which the constitution gives them. That movement should be collateral and constant with the agitation to enforce the Eighteenth amendment. A chance is created which will never exist again.

"The men of the black race have, more than ever, to-day, the friendship and respect of their brothers of the white race. The war has done much to accentuate that. The race riots in Washington and Chicago are sectional turbulences, due to local and ephemeral causes. Yet nearly every publicist of our race rushes to eager and futile discussion of them. Let us forget them. They will not recur. They were painful and unfortunate examples of hoodlumism, which whites as well as blacks, utterly deplore. Let us look to the real issue and the real opportunity for our race. A majority of the white people of our country honestly favor the free and full operation of the amendment which gives the negro complete political and civil equality. With an agitation on for the enforcement of the Eighteenth amendment, the time is here for an equally vigorous agitation for the enforcement of all constitutional law. Our race is neglecting its greatest opportunity."

CHICAGO MUSICAL LEAD

MAY 15, 1919

The general public was shocked Saturday morning to learn of the death of James Reese Europe, the colored bandmaster and orchestral director. Mr. Europe had just returned from "overseas," where his fame had grown apace. He had been made Lieutenant, as leader of the band of one hundred men in 369th regiment known as the "Hell Fighters." To his inspiration is due much of the astounding courage shown by this regiment and upon his return he was received with adulation. The band was already in full swing of concert giving when in Boston Friday night, he called from the wings to the drummer to "put more pep" into the sticks which Herbert Wright resented. Directly following the close of the number he followed Europe to his dressing room and buried his penknife in the throat of the bandmaster, who died almost instantly. James Reese Europe was master of syncopated music, and invented the "Jazz" Band.

NEGRO TENOR HEARD

W Y C SUN JANUARY 31, 1919
Roland W. Hayes Gives Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Mr. Hayes is a young colored man who has seriously studied singing and desires to be regarded as an artist of honorable ideals. He was heard last evening in songs by H. T. Burleigh, with the composer at the piano, Rachmaninov, Tschalkowsky and others. He paid tribute to the musical talents of his own race not only in Mr. Burleigh's good songs but in the familiar and stirring "Onaway, awake, beloved" from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha."

Mr. Hayes has a good voice, which he uses with technical skill except when he wishes to produce a forte in his upper register, in which case last evening he always forced up the medium instead of developing the head quality. His diction was good and his interpretations showed not only intelligence but warmth of feeling.

NEGRO FOLK SONGS ARE RECORDED FOR POSTERITY

PITTSBURGH PA TIMES
JANUARY 27, 1919
N Y C TELEGRAPH
JANUARY 31, 1919

Collect. Recently Made **ROLAND W. HAYES RECITAL.**
Shows Harmonizing In-
stinct of Race.

There has recently been published in New York a collection of Negro folk songs which is quite different from anything that has previously been done in this field. For some time folk songs have been attracting the attention of the musical public, and so far they have been published in two ways; first, the unharmonized melodies and secondly, in various arrangements by composers. This latter form is the more popular. Composers have taken the primitive melodies and arranged them with accompaniment for concert purposes and they have also taken them as themes for larger compositions and have developed them and enlarged upon them. A notable instance of this method is found in Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," for in this symphony Dvorak has used various Negro melodies for his principal themes and the second movement is believed by some to have been suggested by "The Swanee River."

But this new collection differs from its predecessors in that it is an actual recording of the singing of Negroes. The work has been done by Natalie Curtis Burlin, and the musical world owes her a great debt for publishing the collection in this form. The Negroes naturally sing in parts, for it is their instinct to make harmony, and Mrs. Burlin set herself the task of putting these songs on paper exactly as the Negroes themselves sing them.

To accomplish this purpose she went to Hampton, Va., the home of the Negro Industrial School, where she listened to the singing of the Negroes. She paid special attention to their part singing and with the aid of the phonograph she recorded the parts as they sang them. She then put what she heard on paper and she has given to posterity a faithful record of the Negroes' own interpretation of their songs. She has divided the work into two parts, the first part containing the so-called "Spirituals," or religious songs, the second the "Work and Play Songs."

Mrs. Burlin feels that the musical instinct of the Negroes shows the possibility of their development as a race. In a recent article she says:

That they can sing extemporaneously in harmonies that not only approach real art but that touch one's very soul, seems a proof that though this is still a child-race, the long path of human evolution and advance stretches before it in endless promise.

Young American Negro Singer
Pleases at Aeolian Hall.

Roland W. Hayes, a young American negro singer who has been winning high renown in Western cities, delighted a large audience at Aeolian Hall last evening with the power, emotion and excellent musical qualities of his voice. His program included Tchaikowsky's "Why," sung with amazing skill and intelligence, numbers by Rachmaninoff, Massenet, Fourdrain, Campbell-Tipton and Coledridge-Taylor, and a lovely group by Harry T. Burleigh, who also accompanied the soloist for these compositions. A group of negro "spirituals" and folk songs arranged by Mr. Burleigh enhanced the success of the recital.

1967 San Fra. Soc. Cal Mus. Rev
FEBRUARY 15, 1919

Roland W. Hayes, a negro tenor, gave a recital Thursday evening in Aeolian Hall to an interested audience. He was born in Georgia, educated at Fisk University and received his vocal training in Boston. He has been heard in most parts of the country. Hayes has a good voice and sings with much expression and feeling. A large audience, consisting mainly of his own race, enjoyed the recital. Harry T. Burleigh, the well known negro composer, assisted at the piano.

N Y C SUN

JULY 17, 1919

Band to Be Memorial Fund.

The band of the 369th Infantry, once the 15th (colored) Infantry of the New York National Guard will give a series of concerts and benefits in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities for the purpose of raising funds for a memorial to the former bandmaster, the late Lieut. James Rees Europe.

ARTISTS RISE AGAIN TO END "RED TICKET"

N Y C POST
MARCH 20, 1919

Change Is Agitated in
National Academy

Officers Condemn Methods of the
"Twelve" in Speaking for
the "Forty-nine."

Shall the "red ticket" (which is not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a sign of radicalism, but rather of conservatism) be done away with and the pictures of Academicians be judged on merit only and no longer on member-

ship? This is only one of many proposed changes advocated by a group within the body, but it will perhaps be the most striking and disturbing innovation to the older and conservative members if this reorganization in the jury system of the National Academy of Design is made, since by the "red ticket" method any member of the academy may now have at least one picture hung at each of the two exhibitions a year. The other striking change would be to proportional representation in the jury system, by which the minority, as well as the majority, would be represented, juries would be picked alphabetically from among members and associates until the list was exhausted, and each juror would have the right to have hung one picture chosen by him.

This plan originated with a group of twelve members, of which Child Hassam has since been chosen chairman and Jonas Lie secretary, and on March 4 a meeting was called by this group to which thirty-seven other academicians came for the discussion of the idea. Now comes the rub. After this meeting a pamphlet of the plan was got out, signed by the names of all forty-nine men present at the meeting. It is probably true that the Twelve (as the originators have come to be known) believed that the entire Forty-Nine were in sympathy with them and it was possible, indeed, that

incomplete

RACE PR

A Russian Woman Declares
Against the Negro

How senseless race prejudice appears to one who does not share it is shown by the Russian woman who writes below of Pushkin and his negro ancestry. Her freedom from such feeling is evidently shared by her compatriots, and makes it difficult for her to understand the intolerant attitude toward the negro that is frequently shown in this country.

"There are people who sincerely believe that race prejudice cannot be removed," she writes, "because it is natural. 'We were born with it,' say they; 'how can we overcome our instincts?' Well, there are many instincts which man and should be fought successfully—the instinct of war, for instance. I want to state another thing. Being a Russian I can testify that there is no racial contempt for negroes in my country.

"You would say, perhaps, that it is because we never knew them. We did know them a little; our greatest poet,

Alexander Pushkin, was of negro descent.

"I think a few facts from his biography would be interesting to Americans. His great-grandfather was an African; he was sent as a living present to Emperor Peter the Great. Peter the Great liked the black boy, who was supposed to be a son of an African Prince. There was an atmosphere of romance about him. The boy was given the name of a great Roman general—Hannibal. The Emperor gave him a good education, set him free, made him a high official, and chose a white bride for him. The wife of Hannibal, the first black aristocrat at the Russian court, was of a noble family. His descendants were proud to have such an unusual ancestor.

"The mother of Pushkin was from Hannibal's family. She was very beautiful, and her features indicated that she had negro blood in her veins. She married a nobleman, and gave birth to a son, who became the pride of Russia.

"Pushkin was a very optimistic poet; he was an exception in our tragic literature. Some of his critics thought that this exceptional cheerfulness was inherited from his black ancestors, who lived in sunny Africa.

"His features, his dark complexion, and curly hair reminded everybody of his descent. You may guess it, looking at his portraits and statues.

"Every child in our schools learns the biography of Pushkin. So, quite

incomplete

A Tribute to Negro Melody

COLUMBIAN JOURNAL
FEBRUARY 16, 1919

LAST Tuesday morning Columbus awakened to find that there had been a great concert in their midst the night before, and that a big majority of music-lovers had known nothing of it. We sounded the clarion note to the best of our ability the next morning, but, on account of the lack of space and the brevity of time we didn't get out of our system all we wanted to say—hence this article.

"Monarchs of melody" is not an unfitting classification for the members of the New York Syncopated Orchestra. This organization, under the leadership of Will Marion Cook, comprises 50 of the best negro entertainers in the United States, and it presented a program Monday evening last so varied that lovers of jazz, ragtime and classical music were catered to with splendid artistry.

We heard one man say who is an authority on things musical here in the city and over the country: "That

second quartet was without doubt the finest I ever have heard. Their close harmony was absolutely perfect and they seemed to take keen delight in making their voices as one organ of sound." We believe, and others agree, that no finer ensemble of orchestration, producing, as it does, the best in the realm of harmonies, is now en tour. Especially notable were the "spirituals," those strange old camp-meeting songs that are so weird and primitive.

And that brings us to the fact that our national American music is essentially the negro melodies, and it is here and nowhere else that the beginnings of American music are. Here is the only original and characteristic music America has produced so far and when American audiences applaud big programs of ragtime and negro melodies then we can expect to hear of great American symphonies. European audiences are welcoming these negro melodies with enthusiasm and Mr. Will Marion Cook told us that this year it has been almost impossible for him to get an organization together because of the demand "over

there" for negro music and negro orchestras. Hiram Kelly Moderwell says that "the Americans are incurable nouveaux and are perhaps ashamed to recognize their humble beginnings"; and we believe there is something to that—we saw a slight evidence of that Monday night. Right in front of us sat a group of "way high-ups," and right beside us sat a couple of primitives. From the beginning we and the primitives swayed and clapped and thrilled with the wonderful harmony. The "high-ups" began listening with "We-don't-know-why-we-are-here air" and, with drooping lids and curling lips, until that big negro came out and began to sing "I Got a Robe." Then by the time he had "walked down the streets on God's heab'n" with a different bit of wearing apparel for each verse, and finally, with a broad grin, ended, "I got a wings, I got a wings to fly all ober God's heab'n," those "way high-ups" climbed right down, no, I really believe they climbed up to an outburst of applause and joyous laughter. And when the moaning trombone player got to work on them—well, everybody was doing the same thing in that audience as far as we could see—swaying and humming and letting their regular primitive souls beam right out over their faces. And we think it did them a world of good. To the professional American musicians ragtime and primitive negro harmonies simply do not exist. The genius to trace music to its lair, to find and reveal is not taught in the schools. Great artists and musicians come here and present us American programs (particularly since the beginning of the late war), and in the whole program there will be maybe one negro melody and no ragtime. If we were to put in a modest request for a whole program, such as we heard the other night, the artists would spurn us in our ignorance. It is astonishing how little imagination and how little courage this class can show. They have neither a sense of advertising values nor the appreciation of musical history.

To quote Hiram Kelly Moderwell again, he says: "Any reviewer of music (commonly called a critic) knows that not more than one-third of his business is to appraise or to criticize. The other two-thirds is to report and describe. If he hears a concert in which certain new and significant music is badly played, he does not dismiss it by saying 'that yesterday's concert was a bad one.' His story is in the fact that new and important music has had its first performance; the quality of the performance is of secondary importance. If he misses the real story, he has fallen down on his assignment. And I charge that the professional American musician has fallen down on his assignment in failing to recognize where the story lies in American negro music."

They associate negro music and ragtime with cafes and restaurants,

and considering such as bad, they will not accept it when it is presented in a legitimate concert way. There were two concerts in this city last week at Memorial Hall, just two days apart. The audience of the first was a meager, streaked one, in black and white; of the second the audience represented a majority of the refined homes of Columbus. Well, we attended both of them and we are honest in expressing our opinion; there was more real, honest-to-goodness melody and music in the first five minutes of the first concert than there was in the whole evening of the other.

The musical art of the negro should be welcomed and encouraged and cultivated in this country for the great thing that it is. If America had produced no other music she would have made a significant contribution to the art of the world. No race has given expression to greater varieties of emotions by means of song. We long to hear once again those lovely songs which thrilled us last Monday night. We wish there might be a return engagement, that we might hear again, "Let My People Go," "Hallalujah to the Lamb," "I Got a Robe," "Get Away, Jerdon," "Je' a Little While" and "Mammy." And then the splendid ragtime!

Percy Grainger delights and revels in American ragtime. It is only the native-born, foreign-educated musician who scorns and deprecates it. It brings a musical experience which one can find in no other music. And this great concert of last Monday contained perfect ragtime numbers

Hartman.

A rarity—"a play with music" and not a musical comedy, is "Maytime," the widely known New York success, which, coming direct from a phenomenal three months' run in Philadelphia, will have its first presentation in Columbus at the Hartman tomorrow night—Monday—and all week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

That it is a quaint and fascinating romance is believable, for the reviews of other cities have accented these points. The "book" and lyrics are by Rida Johnson Young, who has been accused of taking her novel idea for the plot from a variety of romantic sources, but whose work has been so deftly done that none of the shots have hit her. "Maytime" is said to be like "Milestones," and to have the atmosphere of other well-known romances, but, despite vague resemblances, there is really no blood relation.

The action travels over more than 60 years of time, being played in four acts or episodes, which start in 1840 at Washington Square, New York, and end in 1919. P. T. Barnum is one of the characters in the play and "Jump, Jim Crow," that famous dance which our grandparent indulged in in the days of crinoline

is one of the numerous dance features.

The entire cast of the long New York run will be seen here, which is cause for local congratulation. John Charles Thomas, who has won highest honors on the musical stage during the past five years, essays the chief male role (Dick Wayne), while Miss Carolyn Thomson, a young and gifted prima donna, who has scored heavily both in New York and London during the wartime, has the leading feminine role (Otilie). John T. Murray, an English comedian, has the effective role of Matthew Vandandt, which grows from youth to very old age during the action. Mr.

Incomplete

Music and art. 1919

Pieces of sculpture by May Howard Jackson were exhibited during March and April at the National Academy of Design and at the showing of The Society of Independent Artists, at the Waldorf-Astoria. A bust of Kelly Miller and the Group "Brotherhood" shown on the Easter Crisis cover, were among the pieces accepted. A picture of the latter appears in the catalogue of the Society." (The Crisis, May, 1919, Page 33)

WOMAN SCULPTOR'S WORK REVEALS INTERESTING STUDY OF RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

MAY 1, 1919

In the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington there has been on exhibition until recently a strange, charming piece of sculpture, elfin, provocative—the head of a child. It is the work of May Howard Jackson, an American sculptor, who, herself composite of stock which is one-third Indian, one-third negro, and one-third white, has taken the interpretation of that composite race as her field in art and is devoting all her skill and genius to the work.

The child's head in question is no longer in the Washington Galleries. It is now in Mrs. Jackson's studio here with a score of similar studies gathered together for the exhibition which she will have on Saturday and Sunday, May 3 and 4, at the War Service and Recreation Centre of the Y. W. C. A., at 127 West 136th Street. In the warm afternoon sunlight of the studio it was showing particularly delicate and elfin, with its straight box-cut hair drooping down over a chubby face, little drawn-in chin, and broad, pert nose. It had all the quaint irresistible charm of the colored baby and all the delicacy of the white child. As Mrs. Jackson termed it, "She has not known what it is to meet prejudice yet."

Granted that a perfect understanding of one race by another is one of the most difficult things on earth to attain, its interpretation by some gifted member affords the best means of approach yet known. When the interpreter, in addition to being otherwise gifted, is also an artist further luminous possibilities arise. In her sculpture Mrs. Jackson has not proceeded on either sentiment or hypothesis. She has made a careful study of the composite type, and what intellectual development each race has to offer she has traced and revealed in the faces of her subjects.

"People ask me why I limit myself only to modelling heads and the upper part of the figure," Mrs. Jackson said. "I am not limiting myself. What I want most to show is right there, it is all there in the face and the shape of the head. The Indian type will manifest itself in the moulding across the eyebrows and in the indentation before the bridge of the nose begins,

also along the top of the head. The negro shows, of course, in the mouth, upper lip especially and the lower part of the nose. The Anglo-Saxon type when pure has in exact ratio the protruding of the chin and the forehead, so that if a straight line were to be dropped from between the eyebrows to the point of the chin in the person of pure Anglo-Saxon blood it would fall exactly perpendicular. The broad high forehead is also characteristic of the white race. The negro's is inclined to peak toward the top."

Turning to the group of the "Mulatto Mother and Her Child" Mrs. Jackson showed the actuality. The young woman is a half-breed coming from North Carolina. Her hair is long, to her waist; there is considerable beauty in her face, and only in the lower part of the nose and in the upper lip is the negro element of her own mother present. Her child shows further development of the negroid features, though the white strain has impressed itself in the child's forehead, which is broad and high.

In Mrs. Jackson's studio, however, not only the child and the mother and child variety are apparent. Portrait busts of well-known men, such as William H. Lewis, former Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Prof. Kelly Miller, dean of Howard University; Francis Grimke, and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois have come from Mrs. Jackson's studio, and among others there now is the group Brotherhood, recently shown at the Exhibition of Independent Artists. The bust of Kelly Miller was recently shown at the National Academy of Design.

Mrs. Jackson was born in Philadelphia and educated in the public schools there. At the completion of her course at the Industrial Art School, under Liberty Tadd, she won a scholarship to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Her first portrait bust was of William P. Price, senior warden of St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Since completion of her work at the Academy of Fine Arts Mrs. Jackson has studied alone, perfecting her art, devoting it entirely to the interpretation of her race. She is about to return to Washington, which is now her home, to take up work on her first commissioned portrait, that of Paul Lawrence Dunbar the negro poet, at the order of the negro children of Washington.

COLORED ARTISTS IN TWO CONCERTS

New York Syncopated Orchestra,
Under Will Marion Cook, Gives
Surprising Performance.

CLEF CLUB AT SELWYN THEATRE

Organized Efforts of Negro Musicians to Exalt and Perpetuate
Musical Art of Their Race.

N. Y. C. TELEGRAPH

MARCH 10, 1919

Will Marion Cook's New York Syncopated Orchestra, composed of fifty singers and instrumental musicians, quartettes, sextettes and harmonists, appeared at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre in a program which included the greatest of negro compositions, the finest musicians of that race and a company of amazingly gifted singers, all of whom have attained a high degree of achievement under the direction of Mr. Cook. The contents of last evening's extraordinary program comprised negro spirituals, Burleigh's "Deep River," modern negro classics by Conductor Cook, Brahms and Dvorak "with the negro touch," and many singularly beautiful examples of delicate and humorous songs and lifting tunes played by an orchestra that sings and a soul-stirring chorus "that plays."

Conclave of Colored Artists.

Among the famous negro artists who delighted the audience last evening were Frank Withers, the wizard of the trombone; Buddy Gilmore, virtuoso drummer; the Exposition Jubilee Four and Glenwood Quartette, Fletcher & Carpenter, Nazie Mullins, Milton Abbott, Carroll Morgan and George Jones. The program set forth, besides a great array of features, the purpose of Conductor Cook and his Syncopated Orchestra, as follows:

"The master Bohemian composer, Anton Dvorak, and a host of prominent musical critiques, including H. Edward Krehbiel, Reginald De Koven, Damosch, Safonoff, Olin Downes, Carl Van Vechten, Pitts Sanborn, Natalie Curtis and Macdowell, have time and again emphasized the great wealth of art—truly American, distinctive, characteristic and sublime—to be found in the song and music of the American negro.

"The New York Syncopated Orchestra

has in view the lifting of the colored musician out of the demoralizing environment of all-night restaurants and cheap theatrical shows into a world of better effort.

Negro Composers' Chance.

"Innumerable are the reasons why every man, woman and child should hear this group of players and singers, under the leadership of the foremost negro composer of the time; it is an education, an artistic achievement, a revelation, for the negro has something to give to art—something that is original and convincing because it speaks directly from the heart. Like all music born of the need of song in a people, it appeals to the listener with that elemental truth of feeling in which race has no part and humanity is one.

"The best military authorities tell us that the negro is the one soldier who goes into battle with song upon his lips. We do not bring to you the song of battle, but the music of a people which is filled with pathos, religious devotion and emotional power on the one hand, and on the other, overflowing with humor and irresistible spirit. Dr. Frank Crane aptly states: 'In the great democracy of art, where the prejudices of race or speech disappear, and where each shall paint the things as they are,' the negro is welcome."

Clef Club's Sunday Night Concert.

At the Selwyn Theatre last evening the Clef Club, composed wholly of negro artists, many of whom enjoy international fame as exponents of the folk songs and racial musical achievements of the American negro, resumed its regular Sunday evening concerts at that house with an emphatic success that makes doubly sure the determination of this fine organization to persist in the upbuilding of the great native talents of the colored musicians of this country. The Clef Club Arabians Nights' Concerts, it was announced, hereafter will be continued uninterruptedly at the Selwyn Theatre. W. C. Handy, composer of the "Memphis Blues" and other extremely popular jazz music, has arrived from Tennessee and will frequently take part at these concerts, conducting his own numbers. Lieutenant Europe, founder of the club, will also occasionally take the baton and direct his original songs and marches. Last evening a special "Jungle Jazz Jamboree" was the feature of the program. Other numbers were the Dixie Quartet, the Bonbon Buddies Banjo Quartet, trombone specialties by Joe Cassamore, and a number of impromptu selections that wholly captivated the audience.

FAME CROWNS THE EFFORTS

OF YOUNG BROOKLYN ARTIST

The Daily News
His Name Has Become Known in the
Home of All Lovers of Art.

Literature and Music.

1-16-19

Robert H. Lewis is the name and when the name Lewis is mentioned one naturally thinks of art. Since the art exhibit at the Y. M. C. A., a few days ago, many inquiries have been made as to why can't we see

more of Mr. Lewis' paintings and why should we wait a year to see other exhibits of his work? Where did he study art? We attempted to answer some of these questions after having interviewed Mr. Lewis. He studied at the Art Department of Adelphi College and for three years won prizes at this institute. Having completed his course Mr. Lewis began to show the public the genius he is. He is still a member of the Sketch Club of Adelphi and one of his best paintings adorns its walls. The career of Mr. Lewis at his art studies is one of much success. From the beauty and delicacy of his pictures one can but say that Mr. Lewis is a born artist. Art is attracting a large number of followers in this city, and will soon have the support that entitles it to a place along with music.

A prominent resident of this city stopped the writer a few days ago and after a little talk about the success of the recent reception and Art exhibition said: "I have been interested in music and literature many years, but I did not realize what I have missed until this year. To see beautiful pictures of my people by my people makes me feel very proud and I will support them hereafter."

Mr. Lewis is a native of the state of Pennsylvania. He now holds a position with a large Photo-Engraving concern in the city and has the distinction of being the first and only colored man to get this position.

Just a few days ago the report was current, coming from reliable source that quite a number of the colored weekly papers and The Daily Herald—the only colored daily—are to use much-loved funny side made up of matter pertaining to Negro life and coupled with this a news service is to be maintained, supervised by Mr. N. B. Dodson, and Mr. Lewis is to play an important part in this large undertaking.

Easy to meet, broad hearted, a big brother to all, describes Mr. Lewis in a measure; fairness and honesty are

some of his characteristics; thus armed he has struggled from a lowly position in life to real success.

—David N. Howell.

SOCIETY WOMEN GIVE SCULPTRESS GRAND ACCLAM

Brooklyn Academy of Music Scene of Notable Reception to Mrs. May Howard Jackson With Mrs. Trotman as Hostess

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16.—Perhaps the most notable reception a colored artist has ever received by the women of her race in this city was that given Mrs. May Howard Jackson at the Academy of Music last Saturday afternoon, with Mrs. W. Fred Grotman in the role of hostess. Nearly three score of the best known women of the Greater City gave the gifted woman now winning national artistic fame a grand acclaim.

Mrs. Jackson, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Fine Arts, has been recently honored by the National Academy of Design of New York in having her bust of Prof. Kelley Miller accepted and exhibited. Mrs. Jackson, at the last fortnight's exhibit at the Waldorf Astoria, has presented two pieces of sculptures, a bust of Wm. H. Lewis, formerly Assistant Attorney General, and a group entitled Brotherhood depicting the Christ embracing two children, one white, the other black.

During the afternoon the sculptress exhibited several pieces of her work, a bust of Dr. Du Bois, three child studies, a Russian Bolshevik, a dancing girl and several miniatures. The work probably of greatest inspiration was the piece, "Mother and Child." In this study Mrs. Jackson shows the mulatto mother with flowing hair and caucasian features, caressing her Negro child, while invariably feeling the handicap of its position, while the child, notwithstanding, smiles serenely at the world.

Among those present at the reception were: Mr. Thos. Augram, Miss Francis Chase, Miss Laura Wheeler, Mrs. E. Younger, Mmes. Chase, Courick, Chisholm, Dickerson, Dorsey, Downing, Du Bois, Greene, Hampton, Harper, Hackley, Holbrook, Harris, Dr. V. Morton Jones, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mrs. James Gingstand, Miss Genevieve Lee, Mrs. M. C. Lawton, Mrs. Bessie, Logulu, Miss Meritcha Lyons, Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. Wm. McKinney, Mrs. Chas. Moore, Mrs. E. A.

Mars, Mrs. Jerome Peterson, Mrs. Isadora N. Smith, Mrs. V. E. Tandy, Mrs. A. M. Thompson, Miss Cora A. Turner, Mrs. F. Van Horn, Mrs. Lester A. Walton, Mrs. Hattie A. Willis.

NEGRO MUSICIANS ORGANIZE

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICAN FORM SOCIETY TO ENCOURAGE CREATIVE WORK AMONG COLORED ARTISTS

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—After a series of meetings, beginning in this city on July 29-31 and followed by others in New York, the National Association of Negro Musicians was organized. At the first meeting the officers elected included Henry L. Grant of Washington, D. C. as president; Nora Douglass-Holt, Chicago, vice-president; Alice Carter Simmons, Tuskegee Institute, secretary; Deacon Johnson, New York City, treasurer. The Board of Directors includes with the officers, Clarence Cameron White, Boston; Kemper Harrell, Atlanta, Ga.; H. B. P. Johnson, Nashville; Carl R. Diton, Philadelphia, and T. Theodore Taylor, Chicago. On the Advisory Board are such men as Burleigh, Dett, J. Rosamond Johnson and others. The first meeting had a representation from twenty states, all of which were keenly interested in the movement and felt the great necessity for something of this nature.

Among the questions which the society wishes to work out are these—promotion of fellowship and fraternity; mutual encouragement; friendly rivalry and helpful criticism; methods for systematic education in schools as to the broader significance and truer appreciation of Negro Music; fostering Negro talent; creating racial expression; ways and means of stimulating creative effort by creating a demand for works of Negro composers; of placing music profession, generally, on a more profitable basis; support of the itinerant artist and orchestra; ways and means of establishing a Scholarship fund.

First Convention of Music Teachers

By Associated Negro Press

Chicago, April 2.—The first convention of the National Association of Colored Music Teachers, organized some time ago by Clarence Cameron White, of Boston, Mass., will be held in Chicago, July 29-31.

On the occasion all the leading musicians of the country will be brought together. There are always several hundrede members of the organization. Various phases of Negro musical life will be discussed, and an organized effort will be made to promote a higher appreciation of Negro musical efforts.

A special invitation is extended to all musicians and teachers throughout the country to be present at the convention. Information will be given those interested by writing Mrs. Lena Douglass Holt, 4405 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE ILLINOIS WINDY CITY

The Houston Observer
(Associated Negro Press)

Chicago, May 10.—Chicagoans, of both races, are viewing with much concern the great wave of "social unrest" that is manifesting itself in every section of the nation. Not only have the daily newspapers taken an unusual interest in urging just consideration to the claims of the colored people, but the Union League Club, the greatest organization of its kind in the world, composed of the millionaires of Chicago and the North-west, have appointed a special committee to look into the subject, so far as our people are concerned. It is everywhere admitted without hesitation, that the race has been flagrantly denied the justice to which it is entitled, and there is going to be a looking into matters in the efficient manner in which the white Americans always deal with subjects when he makes up his mind to act.

Chicago has had a marvelous awakening during the last week, and the awakening is having a most favorable effect. On Monday night there was an occurrence which a year ago, even, would have been regarded as a "pipe dream."

The great musical aggregations of our people, two of whom had been across the seas and thrilled the people of England and France, were playing their soul stirring music with in "gun shot" of each other, so to speak, right down in Chicago's great "loop" district. The first, the New York Syncopated Orchestra, under the direction of Will Marion Cook, was playing its third engagement of the season in the famous Orchestra Hall, before an audience of 3000, more than 1000 people being unable to purchase seats. The second, the wonderful band of Lieut. James Roosevelt Europe, at the great Auditorium, which seats 5000 people, and the third the band of the 365th Infantry, under Sergt. Albert Jones, playing off of Michigan Boulevard, at the magnificent and spectacular Victory Arch, illuminated at night with 3,000,000 candle power lights.

Chicago has literally gone "music mad" over the offerings of these rare and pioneering musical organizations. Even when the 365th band marches through the downtown streets, thousands of people follow it all the day. The audiences listening to the concerts are mixed, and the very elite of Chicago white society are ever present in boxes and other parts of the audience where there is no discrimination in securing seats.

ARTIST TELLS OF HER WORK AT RECEPTION

Upon invitation of Mrs. W. Frederick Trotman, representative gathering of women, Brooklyn residents of Brooklyn, were guests at a reception given Saturday afternoon at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, in honor of Mrs. May Howard Jackson, sculptress, who is now exhibiting "Mother and Child" and a bust of Kelly Miller at the National Academy of Music, in 57th street, New York.

The reception was held in the spacious reception hall, which was transformed into a temporary studio. Mrs. Jackson, though modestly averring her inability to talk save with her hands, clearly interpreted to the guests the salient points she had endeavored to embody in each conception. Her talk was followed by a 5 o'clock tea, which allowed interchange of greetings and congratulations.

Mrs. Jackson, who was formerly a resident of Washington, D. C., has been working in plaster and bronze for more than twenty years. Despite the many drawbacks encountered in her fight to properly place before the public and critics Negro types, she has ardously labored to win just recognition. Recently some of her work which was on exhibition in the Cochrane Gallery, Washington, D. C., was removed when it was found that she was colored.

Those present at the reception to Mrs. Jackson were: Mrs. M. C. Lawton, Mrs. Bessie Loguen, Miss Meritcha R. Lyons, Mrs. George Frazier Miller, Mrs. Wm. McKinney, Mrs. Chas. Moore, Mrs. E. A. Mars, Mrs. Jerome B. Peterson, Mrs. Isadora N. Smith, Mrs. V. E. Tandy, Mrs. A. M. Thompson, Miss Cora A. Turner, Mrs. F. Van Horne, Mrs. Lester A. Walton, Mrs. Hattie A. Willis, Mrs. W. E. B. Du Bois, Miss Laura Wheeler, Mrs. E. Younger, Mrs. Thomas Angram, Miss Francis Chase, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Chas. H. Conick, Mrs. Frank Chrisholm, Mrs. Kate Dickerson, Mrs. Mary F. Dorsey, Mrs. Frank Downing, Mrs. Wm. Greene, Mrs. A. D. Hampton, Mrs. Thos. Harper, Mrs. Wm. H. Hackley, Mrs. Maria Holbrook, Mrs. George W. Harris, Dr. V. Morton Jones, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mrs. James Kingsland, Miss Genevieve Lee, Prof. Jackson of Washington, D. C., the Rev. George Frazier Miller, R. M. Meroney, A. D. Hampton and W. Frederick Trotman.

N. Y. C. EVENING TRADE REVIEW APRIL 5, 1919

Earlier Episodes of New Vita Serial to Be Shown

A number of the earlier episodes of the new Vitagraph serial, "Perils of Thunder Mountain," in which Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway are featured, have been completed and will be screened in the projection rooms of Vitagraph's West Coast studios upon the arrival there of Albert E. Smith, the president of the company.

Smith is co-author with Cyrus Townsend Brady. These early episodes are said to be full of magnificent snow scenes and the thrills and feats of daring that have been so powerful an attraction in Vitagraph serials heretofore are enhanced both in their beauty and in their sensational aspect by these settings in the snow-covered wilderness.

Negro Drum-Major Draws Crowds to Baltimore House

As concrete proof of the benefits to be derived from Louis B. A. De Hoff's policy of "personal touch," it can be mentioned that for the week Sergeant Landin, the negro drum-major who has been much in the newspapers of Baltimore for the last few months, played at the Garden Theatre the receipts showed that approximately 12,000 persons above the average number visited the house.

De Hoff, who handles the advertising and books the pictures for the Garden, played up Landin's appearance with half-page ads., recalling to the public that during a large parade in Baltimore last spring "that" drum-major, as the newspapers called him, made President Wilson grin with delight as he waltzed by the reviewing stand.

Vitagraph's "Lion and the Mouse" Draws Big Business

Vitagraph's big Alice Joyce production, "The Lion and the Mouse," seems to be gathering to itself about all the big business that the field offers. In Washington, Harry M. Crandall booked it for its first run at his Metropolitan Theatre and followed it at his other houses.

Music N. Y. C. CALL JANUARY 16, 1919

Under the auspices of the Artistic Musical Society, a concert will be given tomorrow evening at McKinley Square Casino, 169th street and Boston road, at which Thomas LaRue Jones, the Negro singer, will sing Jewish, Hebrew and Russian songs. Other soloists will be Estella Schreiner, dramatic soprano; Israel Katz, violinist; Sharpovsky, singer of folk songs; Charles Baumschlag, pianist; B. Kovner, humorist, and Harry Jacobs, humorous reciter. Tickets are nominally priced, ranging from 25 to 50 cents.

MUSIC IN HARTFORD

Folk Songs of the Soul

At Every Step of Civilization From Savagery to Now Music—Is Found—Appeal of Old Time Hymns—Mystery of Darky Talent

JAMES S. STEVENS

From savagery to nineteen hundred and nineteen, is a long road, but at every step along the way, there has been some sort of music. Before there was a wacry, some mother must have crooned to her baby, and that baby crooned to her child, when the time came. Before there was a marriage service, the lover in his fond imaginings, felt his heart singing within him, as he contemplated his mate.

For God gives to human hearts to sing. The morning light never moves the bird to song more surely than the springing of hope, joy or glory move the soul of man to do the same. Some of these songs live through long years of general use, and become folk songs.

Songs, always songs. They are the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Mysterious Negro Talent

And here is a conundrum. Where does the American negro obtain his talent for harmony? One cannot find any indication of the ability, in his native Africa. Nor does it appear due to instruction received here. After you have studied harmony, and learned something of its rules and practice, you can go into a Southern camp-meeting, and hear harmonies, rich, rare, full and complete, sung by a people innocent of teaching, and ignorant of learning.

The origin of their talent is a mystery. Little is known, everything left to conjecture. The fact remains that much American folk music is of the negro.

One may infer, probably, that much of this music is the mental reaction of a people to songs of their masters and the circuit riders who administered to them. The general flavor is decidedly Methodist or Baptist. Their religion was of that character.

And trying to reproduce what they heard, and especially moved by the emotional element to which their condition attuned them, we have rich and colorful melodies, strong religious tendencies, and the simple faith, through which they gave natural expression to their deeper thoughts.

Old Testament Background

The old testament stories appealed to them. Moses, leading his people out of bondage, meant something to a black man. "Go Down, Moses,"

Songs of Old.

Here is a rough list of such songs old, and to be old. All of them speak a language which every understanding stands:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
All hail the power of Jesus' name.
Art thou weary, are thou languid?
By cool Siloam's shady rill
Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Thou Almighty King
Come ye disconsolate
From every stormy wind that blows
From Greenland's icy mountains
God is love, his mercy brightens
Hail to the Lord's anointed
Hark the herald angels sing
He leadeth me, O blessed thought
High in the heavens, Eternal God
Holy, holy holy
I know that my Redeemer lives.

I love thy church, O God.

I love to tell the story

I need Thee, every hour
In the cross of Christ I glory
Jerusalem the golden

Jesus, lover of my soul
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Just as I am, without one plea.
Lead kindly light.

My faith looks up to Thee.

Nearer my God, to Thee.

O for the peace that floweth like a river.

O little town of Bethlehem.

Rock of Ages.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us
Scorn not the slightest word or deed
Religion is the chief concern

Sovereign and transforming grace

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus

Sweet hour of prayer

Take the name of Jesus with you

The Lord is my shepherd

The morning light is breaking

There's a land that is fairer than day

The spacious firmament on high

Think gently of the erring

Those whose wide extended sway

(Bannockburn)

What a friend we have in Jesus

While Thee I seek, protecting power

Who fathoms the eternal thought.

And that very lovely jewel. "We may not climb the heavenly steep," which is already well on its way in the hearts of millions. And so on.

Few will look over this list without feeling the call one or more make his memory. To many, some of the will be especially dear. The hymnology of the world is a collection of these children of nature, as it catches all of us:

Mary and Martha just gone along
To ring dem charming bells.

And again:

Peter go ring-a dem bells,
I heard from Heaven today.

These are some of the negro folk songs of the soul. They are as important and worthy as the folk songs of any people.

Renaissance in Hymnology

Modern style ignores many fine old hymns, some of which have lived

through ages of use. But a renaissance is due. The influence of music to move the heart and stimulate the mind, is too great to be disregarded, and the time is coming when much of the modern stuff in our hymnals will be laid aside, and the great folk songs of the soul will be heard again in our churches, and weave their spell in the hearts of men.

How shall people worship effectively, if congregational singing continues to be discouraged? Can we not discriminate between instruction and worship? The sermon and the choir have been given undue prominence, while praying and singing have been relegated in too many services. The first two could hardly be termed congregational worship.

At Dr. White's Services.

If the cry is to be: "Back to the churches!" these soul songs are needed, for nothing can equal them in their field, and nothing can fitly replace them. Dr. White has abundantly proved that, in his Sunday night services. So have the missions.

It is interesting to recall some hymns of a generation or more ago. Many of them are little used now, but all linger in the memory, and are of great potency. The more modern hymns seem less interesting, the personal element is lacking. Their religion too much of the third person plural, instead of the first person singular. And why are the older ones best? Because they are compared with songs untitled by time. And why did the old ones survive time? Because they were most fit to survive; they were the best of the lot.

Some call them old-fashioned and ask for something new. But Robb's favorite was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and McKinley's, "Nearer My God, To Thee." They say Garfield's was "Abide With Me, Fast Falls The Eventide." The choice of these great men shows that still can it be said that "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

"Come Ye Disconsolate," is a great song for a soul chastened by sorrow. "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," is the triumph of a faith felt and recognized. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom," have helped many a faltering one to choose right at the parting of the ways.

Religion and Music.

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" is very precious to some. Who of us does not recall some hymn dear to the heart of a parent? Moody had his Sankey, and Billy Sunday his Rodeheaver. You can hardly imagine one without the other. Religion without music is not completely equipped. The old martyrs sang their hymns, as they faced the lions. We are facing lions

incomplete

IN THEIR SERVICES



Rev. Dr. Herbert Judson White
First Baptist Church

NEW YORK CITY CLIPPER

MAY 21, 1919

TO "JIM" EUROPE

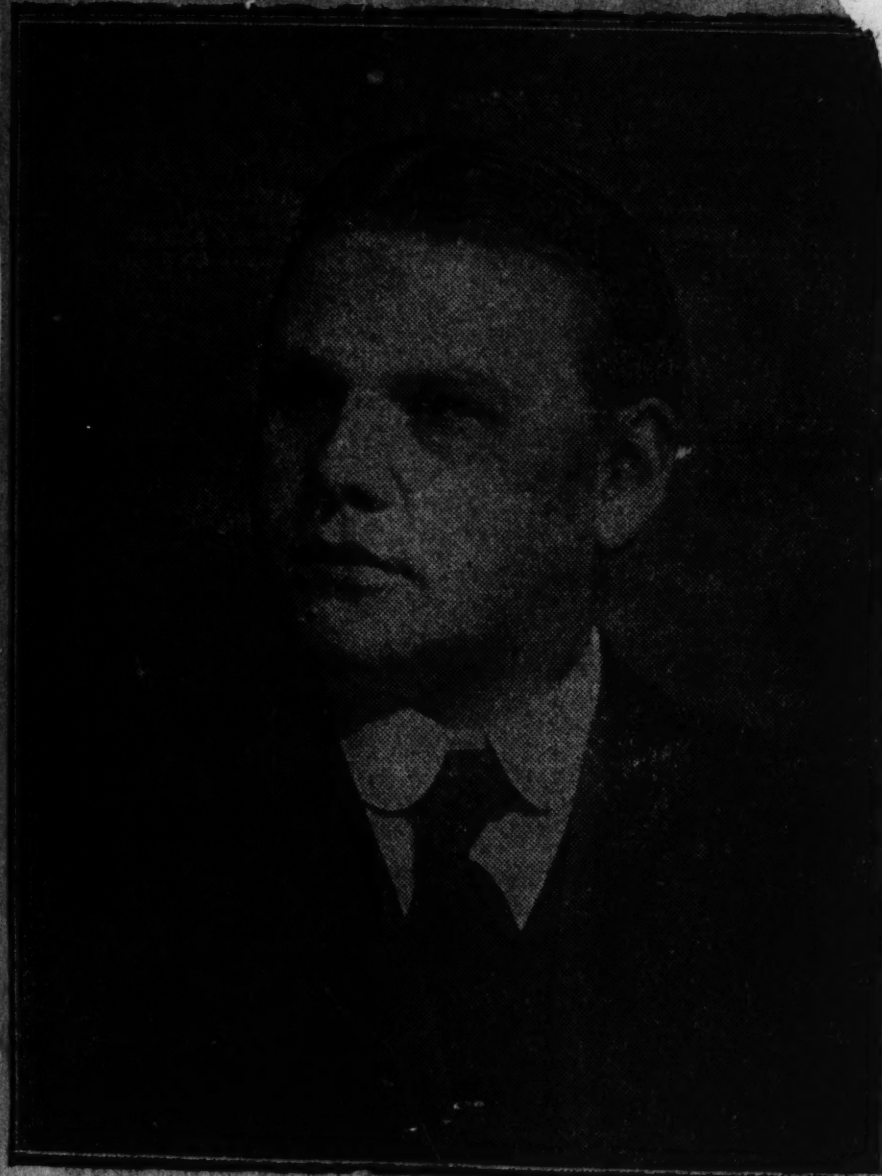
They buried "Jim" Europe the other day, Jim, the "Jazz King" of Broadway. He was only a black man, was Jim—outside—but they laid him away as though he had belonged to the more fortunate race.

Colonel Bill Hayward, white leader of the 369th Infantry, a colored regiment, of which Jim was bandmaster, was there, and so were many other white officers, and, yes, civilians who saw beneath Jim's skin, into his heart, and—loved him.

Jim Europe's funeral was probably the first time a negro has been given a public funeral in the United States. He was such an unusual fellow that he deserved it and more. When we got into the war, Jim didn't have to go. He was married, and had his mother and several sisters to look after. He could have stayed on Broadway, at the dance palaces, like some white band leaders did, and made a neat fortune and be perfectly safe.

Europe wasn't that kind, however. He applied for a commission and jazzed right into the scrimmage, smiling happily. Ask any chap who had been overseas, and he will tell you that jazz music did as much as anything to maintain the morale of the American army; to put pep in the good old gang. Especially it helped the colored men to fight. If there were any better soldiers than Colonel Hayward's regiment the nation has yet to find them.

Jim Europe has passed out to that synopated Paradise up yonder, but his band still jazes on. Hereafter, jazz music will mean more to us than it ever did before.



Rev. Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter
Pastor, Central Church

NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
MAY 3, 1919

Sidelights of the Season

Because Mrs. Enrico Caruso wanted to hear Negro melodies, Caruso went with her Friday afternoon to Morris Brown College with no intention whatever of singing himself. But there was no resisting the appeal as it was put up to him. The Negro chorus sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Deep River" and other familiar melodies and someone started a shout for Caruso. Presently a deep voice boomed forth the information "fair swap ain't no stealin'," and Caruso gave them Tosti's "The Little Mouth," Denza's "Ecstasy" and Fatuo's "Sento Che t'Amo," and Mrs. Caruso made a gracious little speech.

The first incident of the visit was the flight of oratory on the part of Dr. Boyd, the host. With a low bow toward the tenor he introduced Mr. Caruso:

"He is a man whose body is strung from head to toe with silver chords which, when played upon by the wings of friendship, give forth music that makes

the angels stoop to listen!"

Rosa Ponselle also did a bit of singing Friday afternoon for people who didn't buy tickets. She and Rafaelo Diaz went to the general hospital at Fort McPherson, where Miss Ponselle sang arias from the operas of the week and a few more familiar numbers, and she and Mr. Diaz concluded with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The party then went to Camp Jesup, where Edith Prilik, Miss Ponselle's companion, helped drive a big army tank over several trees and trenches.

Raymonde Delaunois's husband, Lieutenant Louis Thomas, who was thrice wounded and who wore the Croix de Guerre with three stars and *fourragere* of the Legion of Honor, was an opera visitor who won many friends in Atlanta.

Edward Siedle, technical director, was about as happy as Mme. Delaunois. On Friday he received a letter and a French cross of war from his son, Edward Vincent Siedle, who left New York with the Fifteenth Infantry and afterward was transferred to the provost marshal general's staff in France. There was also a copy of a citation which Mr. Siedle proudly displayed. L. K. S.

"JIM" EUROPE, ALABAMA NEGRO.

The New York World pays the following editorial tribute to "Jim" Europe, a former Alabama negro, who was killed recently:

A public funeral in New York for a negro bandmaster is probably unique among popular tributes to the dead. But there were unique aspects to the career of the man who is to be thus honored. Coming to the city unknown but with an idea, he became almost instantly a celebrity as the originator of jazz music, and while the public craze for dancing lasted, "Jim" Europe and his band of colored musicians occupied a conspicuous place among popular entertainers. He had brought a novel form of amusement to the great mart for such commodities and his reward was great.

But having entertained New York in its hours of idleness, he put his peculiar talent to a more patriotic use when the country entered the war, and it is on this substantial service that his claim to public honors at the hands of his race rests. Europe's jazz band was a distinct asset to the American forces in France, the exact extent of which may not be measured; but its strains animated and heartened the soldiers to a remarkable degree. And this is the testimony not only of the men in the ranks but of commanding officers and Premiers.

It was the negro band-leader's "bit" in winning the war, and the cheerfulness and efficiency with which it was done showed the patriotism behind the role of public entertainer.

Europe was born and reared at Mobile. For several years he has conducted one of the most famous bands in the United States. He was stabbed to death on an Eastern train recently.



A Mulatto Mother

SOME EXPERIENCES OF COMPANY L, NEW YORK MUSICAL AMERICA
368TH INFANTRY.

BY SERGEANT CHESTER J. WESTFIELD.

THE SOLDIERS GO BACK FOR
RECREATION.

The march from there was very severe.
But each man did his best,
For, being exposed to artillery fire,
We could not stop the rest.

Hungry and thirsty, we could not enjoy
The beautiful mountain scenes,
But Sergeant Brown helped save my life
With an exart can of beans.

We marched some days to a station,
And a crowded train did catch;
Following the Moselle River,
We detrained near the town of
Marbach.

Our officers tried to get barracks,
Doing the best they could;
They found none, and the soldiers slept
Exposed to rain, in the wood.

Complete volume for sale at Y. M. C.
A., Cor. Cedar and 4th Avenue, N. or
W. A. Smith News Stand.
PRICE 15 CENTS.

The untimely death of Jim Europe, the negro bandmaster, who with his band had won a unique popularity not only in this country but in Europe, brings to mind the story of a man who came up from nothing, with all the disadvantages which his negro origin entailed. But he had what not only the ne many

people have, namely, a love for rhythm, and so he developed a form of amusement which started many imitators, though none ever approached him and his organization.

When we went to war, Jim Europe enlarged his band and it became a notable power with the American forces in France, where its jazz music entertained our boys much more than classical music would have done.

That he should die at the hand of a member of his orchestra, whom he had befriended, is tragic enough. However, they are going to give him a public funeral in New York City, which is probably the first time in the history of the country that a colored man was so honored.